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Dear Spare Rib,
The Central Services Unit for University Careers and appointments services sends out a list of vacancies and, in accordance with the Race Relations Act, no reference to nationality may appear except in connection with employment in the service of the Crown. However, the pages are all too familiar to the female graduates as a high proportion of the vacancies are for male graduates only.

Admittedly adverts can state female graduate required — there is usually a handful of these offering a salary on the lower end of the scale, i.e. £1100-1200.

It occurred to me whilst perusing the vacancy list that if the Non Discrimination Bill had become law one would at least be able to get the application form.

Janice Straw,
30 Larch Lane
New Duston
Northampton NN5 6NP

Dear Spare Rib,

..... might I suggest an article on the Swedish situation. This seems to me to be if anything, not only the country most advanced in implementing the basic aims and ideals of the debate, but also the most comparable political background, albeit considerably more Socialist in its awareness and practice. But, however very few examples of Swedish life style are ever quoted. This of course, is apart from the naive and prejudicial view that all Swedish women are appealingly promiscuous and make ideal 'pin-ups'.

In truth, an enlightened approach to the issues of female equality has led to the centralised sanction of all basic 'revolutionary' change necessary to implement the broader functional aims of the movement for emancipation, as well as to inspire change in traditional attitudes. The Prime Minister is recently reported to have said, 'Public Opinion is nowadays so well informed that if a politician should declare that a woman ought to have a different role from a man he would be looked at as someone out of the the Stone Age'. In the mid 1960s a campaign was got underway to remove sexual

discrimination and to establish a fairer distribution of social and economic responsibilities between the sexes. It was agreed that the core of the campaign is in education, whether in the home, school or college, and thus it has been in these areas that the main effort has been concentrated.

"On a college notice board a large colour poster shows a girl smoking a cigar. The caption reads: 'Girls are not supposed to smoke cigars. What else is it they are not supposed to do?' The answer is in smaller type: 'A girl is not supposed to think she is anything except a girl. A girl is not supposed to take charge of anything. A girl is not supposed to care about getting a lengthy education, because she will only want to get married and have children.' And the punchline: 'The prejudices are many, but it is possible to break them.' The poster is part of a government sponsored campaign to further the cause of women's liberation.

Yours etc..
Lesley Scott-Brown
4 St. George's Hse
Ipswich, IP1 3EX

Dear Spare Rib,

As you have let Mr Peel have his say on the role of being judge in a beauty contest, perhaps you will now let me have mine as one of the once 'judged'.

The Contest I entered, along with one of my sisters, was also only a local affair (the heats of the Miss England Contest) and we entered it, after much persuasion, with the intention of making a protest from the 'inside'.

Before we even got into the main hall, we had to undergo a private view for the manager and his boys. They strutted around the contestants, purposefully brushing us and breathing down our cleavages. They patted us patronizingly on the arse, shoulder & head and made pathetic jokes, basking in the attention they were able to command from their captive and submissive audience.

Parading out into the main hall was equally humiliating; it was a man-made hell with obscene comments flying, interspersed with remarks about snobbishness etc. if the women didn't respond by suitable giggles.

I won't go into the actual protest, because that's old history now, but I would like to add a comment about my sister contestants.

They were genuinely friendly and not at all 'bitchy' and all the other things they are reputed to be; and although some were professional and some not, all were considerate and helpful to each other. They were even whilst enduring the jokes of the manager, muttering to each about how silly it all was, and vaguely questioning why they were participating in the event at all.

It is a shame that such potentially dignified human beings are crushed into such docility in this way — and for John Peel to participate; however cynically, in this psychological rape of his sister human beings is just another of the many indications of what part of their anatomy the majority of our 'liberal' 'brothers' still fill their brains.

Yours in sisterhood
Barbara
No address supplied

Dear Spare Rib,

I can only approve of encouraging readers to do their own repairs. But in the interests of all consumers, you should advise us to return our shoddy clogs (and any other poor quality goods — regardless of price) to the manufacturer concerned, and not by implication advise us either to spend more money trying to mend them or give up and throw them into the dustbin.

Yours Sincerely,
Anita Clokie
17 Whalley Grove,
Manchester 16

Dear Spare Rib,

I am writing to tell you of an error on line 16 page 30 of the August issue of Spare Rib.

For deaths occurring after 1st July 1972, the fixed sum to which a widow is entitled to when her husband dies without leaving a will goes up from £8,750 to £15,000 where there are children; she is, of course, entitled to £40,000 if there are no children but living parents, brothers or sisters and the whole estate if there are none of these relatives.

The relevant statutory instrument is Family Provision (Interstate Succession) Order 1972 (No. 916)

With best wishes
Diana Cheeld
Address not supplied.

Dear Spare Rib,

Germaine Greer's article 'Killing no Murder' has been bothering me: at first I thought it was the tone of voice it was written in, but now that I've

re-read the article, and thought about it for a while, it seems worse than just whiny; it's destructive and confusing. I think it would be very bad for anyone who might actually be facing the question of whether to have an abortion.

She spends half the article galloping through her various intimations of mortality or whatever, casually swipes at a few loaded questions (like smoking, the pill, etc.) careers into admitting that abortion is somehow between killing a fly and killing a Vietnamese peasant and then ends her act with a curtsy by calling us all her fellow killers. Not what I'd call an edifying piece; and if I were facing an abortion, downright dis-edifying.

Ms. Greer's main point is that abortion is killing, but then so is murdering peasants or killing flies, OK, it's a valid enough point, but her emphasis is all on the idea of killing. There's a graphic description of mashed spiders, and a vivid picture of impaling a crab on a hook. One whole page is about the things she has killed. I think Germaine Greer must have a very troubled mind, and I sympathise.

Once I thought I might be pregnant; I was ten days late. I took four pills and everything turned out just fine. Now, I say this wasn't killing (if I was pregnant, I mean) But what if I'd let it go on for three weeks? Eight weeks? At some point, I don't know just where, the problem would have changed from being a late period to being an incipient baby. As far as I'm concerned, even if it took surgery, the problem would have been 'to induce a period' for some time. The change is a metaphysical change as much as a physical, and no amount of reasoned, or unreasoned, argument can affect that kind of belief.

But for heavens sake don't let's make the business more sordid and depressing than it has to be. Germaine Greer says "Those of us who hope to be moral beings cannot shirk the discomfort of the paradoxes and skulk on the security of a rule...". I say let's shirk as much discomfort as we possibly can, or are we all Calvinists or something?

Mary Johnston
38 South Hill Park
London NW3



Write to Spare Rib 9 Newburgh Street, London W1A 4XS.



We're in it for the money, after all, it's one of the few shows around that's completely sold out and a smash hit', says Dana Gillespie about *Jesus Christ Superstar*, the musical in which she is currently starring as Mary. 'I don't see it as a religious thing, neither do any of the cast. It's wrong to take it too seriously, God's alive and he's having a good laugh'. Dana thinks that the part of Mary will help advance her career in movies and musicals, although it isn't the sort of music she really likes singing. Her musical career began at the age of 14 when her school music teacher persuaded Dana's parents to let her leave school to study drama and singing at a stage school. While she was there she used to go to clubs — the Crawdaddy and the Marquee — where she met David Bowie (then David Jones), who taught her to play the guitar. One day he took her to *Ready Steady Go* where she met Donovan and his manager. Somehow, Dana managed to spin a convincing tale about her musical ability, which she says, was then lacking in depth and originality and they asked her to sing. One of her songs, *Donna Donna*, appealed to Donovan (he later used it on one of his albums) and two weeks later she found herself appearing on *Ready Steady Go* as a newly discovered star. 'I wore jeans and a denim shirt and was the female version of Donovan. Everyone seemed to like me and I had a ridiculous amount of publicity, went on TV, and was in all the music papers. But it all happened at the wrong time. I just didn't have the talent to keep up with what people expected of me'.

Dana's fame lasted for about 4 years, during which time she

made an album and six singles. Then everything started to collapse. 'I was finding it more and more difficult to get a record released. It was Dana Gillespie, everyone knows her and her tits, but everyone knows she's a flop. My songs just weren't up to my reputation. After that I accepted a part in a Hammer film called *the Lost Continent*. I saw it again a few months ago and hardly recognized myself. I did the odd television show and then I started writing songs again. Decca signed me up and I made another album, which hardly sold at all. That was largely due to the distribution. Everytime I went into a shop to ask for it I was told it wasn't in stock. It was doomed from the start'.

After seeing an advertisement in the *Melody Maker* Dana joined the chorus of *Catch My Soul* — the successful rock musical. She gained a great deal of stage confidence from the part and was then offered a job in the chorus of *Jesus Christ Superstar*. To begin with she was understudy to Mary Magdalene but just before the show was due to start she was offered the lead role as her voice was considered more suitable.

'At certain times in my life I've been right for things to happen but circumstances have been wrong, and at other times it's vice versa. I've had lots of chances and have messed up many of them. God knows what the part of Mary Magdelgne will do for me!'

Dana hopes to continue writing songs and singing her own material. 'I feel I've now lived through enough troubles and setbacks to be able to write songs which have some meaning'

ANDRE DEUTSCH



FRANK ALLAUN No Place Like Home

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Frank Allaun, Labour MP for Salford East, was the Labour National Executive Council's spokesman for housing in 1971. In this important and crucial book he lets the victims of Britain's housing policies speak for themselves in a series of fascinating interviews. The stories these people tell, often with little complaint, are horrifying. Eleven million people live without hot water or an indoor toilet and the inadequacy of brand new flats and the dilapidation of older houses is often beyond belief.

In the latter half of the book the author presents an incisive reappraisal of the Government's 'Fair Rents' Bill as well as outlining constructive criticisms.

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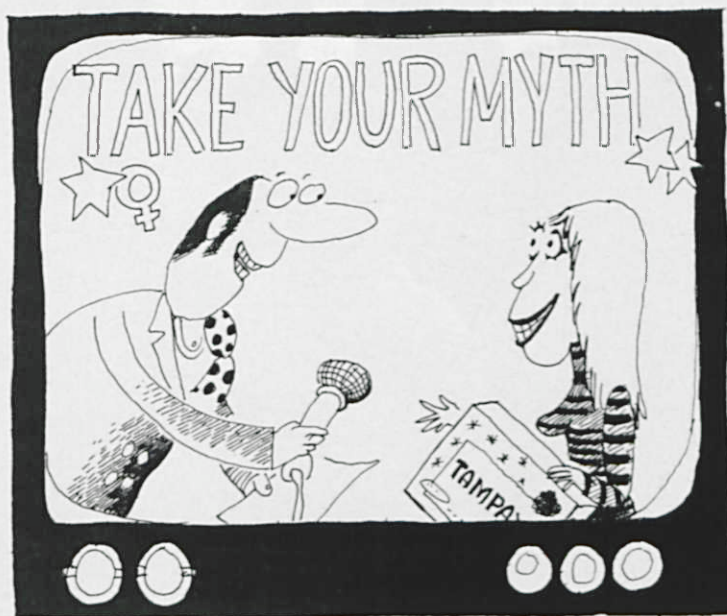
'The best of them (the undergrounds) for my money' — *Jill Tweedie*



20p at your newsagent

How long did you believe that one?

by Hilary Wilce cartoon by Posy Symmonds



Once upon a time, long before the days of Masters & Johnson, the female body was such a source of mystery and imagination that terrible legends grew up about the weeping womb and voracious vagina. People believed that menstrual blood was an evil substance, a devil's offering; they thought the womb to be a stale, infested swamp filled with the odour of decay and believed that the foetus could ride up into the throat of a pregnant woman and choke her.

Now, of course, everything is different. We all know our own bodies. We are quite capable of distinguishing fact from fantasy. We can perceive ourselves clearly, free from the fog of fable and the muddle of myth.

Or can we?

Menstrual blood may no longer be a witch's brew but we still welcome heavy periods as a sign of health. They cleanse away the bad blood and give the womb a good wash-out. No matter if they are longer, more trouble and likely to encourage anaemia.

We scorn the irrational fear of being choked to death by a wandering foetus but still suffer vague anxieties about losing tampons and contraceptive caps into our vaginas. And conversations between the most enlightened women can often degenerate into squabbles about the medical effects of going braless, the results of intercourse during pregnancy and the best cures for stomach cramps.

For however well informed we are, most of us acquired our early body knowledge through an oral culture passed on by kind, but maybe misinformed, parents and friends. Taboos and terror stories were inevitably mixed with the more valuable knowledge.

It is wrong, we were told, to have a bath, go

swimming, wash your hair at 'that time of the month'. Spots and greasy hair indicated that your body was getting rid of the badness in it. Games mistresses advocated a quick run round the hockey pitch to cure stomach cramps and make the blood run faster.

Masturbation meant abnormal relations, madness and blindness; if you crossed your legs during intercourse the man would get stuck inside you; you could get pregnant by sitting on a man's knee but not by having intercourse standing up; all women went mad during the menopause.

Some myths are inevitably discarded in the face of a stronger reality but many others, it seems, linger on in the subconscious or are replaced by a perception of our bodies that is at best woolly.

If you think you are entirely free of such superstitious ignorance then check your reactions to the following few questions – any hesitation and the chances are that you don't know your bodies as well as you think you do.

1. Is it normal for one breast to grow before the other in adolescence?
2. Is it common for women to have long hairs around their nipples?
3. Do breasts have any elasticity?
4. How big is the average womb?
5. Is it true that the vagina is a pouch of external skin?
6. Do you worry if your periods are scanty?
7. Can intercourse stimulate ovulation?

(Answers: yes, yes, no, pear-sized, yes, well?, on occasions.)

Spare Rib is planning an enquiry into the myths that still surround the modern women. Readers are invited to send in details of their own experiences in this field. These can include known superstitions about pregnancy, childbirth, miscarriage, menstruation and the menopause; misconceptions about the size and arrangement of the female organs; concepts of cleanliness and uncleanness; attitudes of men and children to the female functions; observed class or regional differences in bodily perception.

Information will be classified and professionally analysed to show up the main areas of persisting myth. The attitudes behind the myths will be examined and results will be published in a future edition of Spare Rib. Letters should be sent to Body Myths, Spare Rib, 7 Newburgh Street, London W1A 4XS.



The shadow on the cheese

by Carol Dix photograph by Peter Stark

It's not the gypsies who need educating. It's the gorgios. If only they could be brought to understand the gypsies and travelling people, then all the problems would be solved. Instead of which, we're having to drag the gypsies through some kind of learning process about our society, when all they really want is the technique of reading and writing. They don't want the whole of our outside culture foisted on them. They just want to be able to live comfortably in an English community.'

And that wasn't a gypsy talking. It was Dr. Don Kenricks, secretary of the Gypsy Council. What do the gypsies themselves want? That seems to be the almost unanswerable question. For gypsies have kept an amazing innocence, and though stuck at the bottom of our society's dung heap — still largely illiterate and, to us, inarticulate — they are not given to expressing their likes and dislikes in ways that we can readily understand. So you find that any pressure groups working for the gypsies are largely run by the educated, leaning-over-to-be-liberal white middle classes.

It's impossible for anyone who reads newspapers to remain ignorant of the plight of the gypsies. Around 1968, when the Caravan Sites Act was still going through Parliament, and gypsies had no protective laws at all, this situation grew to a pitch; tales of evictions, of criminal treatment by local authorities, residents' associations and ordinary suburban housedwellers should have shocked us all into action. It still goes on, though more muted. The Gypsy Council was set up in 1966 to help the gypsies fight for their civil rights — and at the same time for their educational rights. Travellers come head on with society at every bend. Stopping on the roadsides is illegal; setting up a camp is illegal; no-one wants to spare any land; no-one wants to clear away the rubbish. Gypsies are taken to court for these offences and — unable to avoid the motorised age — for the most essential motoring offences. Without reading and writing, most never take a driving test, and so have

neither licence, tax nor insurance.

So if you ask whether the help of bodies like the Gypsy Council was ever asked for by the gypsy community itself, the answer, their Council says, is obvious: they receive constant telephone calls for help. How much use though, is a mothering process of help, even over basic civil rights issues? And what will make the gypsy help himself? Is education the answer? Half the members of the Gypsy Council are in fact gypsies; people like Tom Lee, Fred Wood, Jim Penfold, Fred Cain and in the North, Tommy O'Docherty. Take Tom Lee. He doesn't even look like a gypsy (he gets served in pubs that bar gypsies), but he is one of the hardest fighters.

'I reckon education destroys a lot, I do. That's my belief. Neither one of my kids can read or write, but I send them anywhere, trust them anywhere. The young people of today, you've always got a book in your hands, you ain't got no time to do anything else.' But then he also said it makes him very upset to see his 18 year old daughter unable to read or write. And to us, the horror of her situation is she could never get a job, and will always be tied to marriage and children. Tom also describes some of the everyday hazards. Gypsies can count all right, but they can't read figures. 'When you've bought a car or scrap, and they hand you the bill, you don't know what the figures mean, but you make a pretence of totting it up. They'll still get me for a couple of quid, but not so much as if they thought I couldn't read.' And Margaret Lee says, 'I mean we've survived for years without it. I'm sure we can survive a bit longer.'

Gypsies have got this far without reading and writing because they are very bright and quick, and have always had to fend for themselves. What are we 'educating' them in? Reading and writing, is that any key to managing in this world? Tom still can't read properly, and he writes with difficulty. But he can talk, and express himself, well enough now to get by the stuffiest of committee meetings or courts. And that's all

through experience and living. He only became involved in the fight for the gypsies when they were camping in some chalk pits, and a gorgio bloke came in and put his caravan with their's. This bloke said he was going to the council to sort the site out. When he came back he'd secured it for himself. He turned all the gypsies off and filled it with gorgios. So Tom began to fight for the gypsies.

But then that's adult travellers talking. Gypsy education is aimed mainly at the children, with a view to assuming their equal right to a free schooling. Gypsy kids have often gone to the local primary schools when their parents have been settled in an area for a long time, and were probably seen at the back of classrooms nodding asleep, as their previous educational experiences had been light years away from this one in the classroom. They know all about metals and scrap, and breaking up cars. But not much about sitting behind desks. Now all sorts of experiments are being tried out all over the country, with incredible intensity and missionary zeal, from educationalists eager to try out their theories. In fact, you probably wouldn't be far wrong if you said that so far gypsy education is more beneficial to the teachers than to the kids.

This is where we break into typical gorgio confusion. Apart from the Gypsy Council, there is also the National Gypsy Education Council (NGEC) whose chairman is Lady Plowden (of Plowden Report fame, it was she who first said... that 'gypsy children were probably the most severely deprived children in the country' — deprivation of course being a matter of opinion). The NGEC again has on its board Don Kenricks, Jim Penfold, Fred Wood etc, but the two councils are at each other's throats these days.

How is it that two pressure groups, set up to help the same passive, largely inarticulate minority group, can spend their time arguing policies? You might well laugh. But Tom Lee knows what's going on. Gypsies always were intuitive. 'None of them are really worried about gypsies. They're only after the grants. Look, they're all fighting for positions and names. We've got Vice-Chairmen and Co-Vice-Chairmen, and presidents and secretaries and welfare officers — all so they can put in for money from the government. You've got Grattan (Grattan Puxon, a member of the Gypsy Council who was very militant in the past and the one gorgio really responsible for bringing the media to publicise the gypsies' plight). He's come back from Yugoslavia with a wife, and he needs some money. All I say is I'm resigning from my "position" with the Gypsy Council. Let it be known that I'll be Gypsy Tom Lee again.'

His fellow activists, also gypsies, such as Fred Wood and Jim Penfold he calls the Uncle Sam's of the movement — Lady Plowden's boys — because they dress in shirts and ties, go to too many committee meetings and live on gorgio sites. 'We've got the Gypsy Council, the NGEC, the World Romani Congress, the Travellers' Guild, the Romani Institute. What about the gypsies? Once you start with those big words, then I go to sleep. I can't be bothered. Gypsies don't know about big words.'

Through the NGEC, a lot of money has come in, in the form of grants and trusts. And where has it gone? To research. Two big research projects have been started upon by academics, costing £7-8,000. That's a pound a head for each gypsy child. And this is where the Gypsy Council say they split off from the NGEC. Too little is done, too slowly. The NGEC produce reports. They brought one out on the 1971 Summer Schools project, a report spattered with jargon, aimed at guess who: 'In the light of the arrogation relating to parental demand, and non-empirical estimate of only ten percent attendance, further careful research is needed.' And, in July last, they produced a pamphlet called *The Shadow on the Cheese*, which is introduced by Lady Plowden with the following, 'We hope that it will be of help to workers in local authorities, schools, local support groups, colleges of education and voluntary organisations.' No mention of the gypsies.

The pamphlet contains articles on various educational experiments: integration into state schools, caravan schools on permanent sites, mobile caravan schools to the roadsides, summer school projects and all the teaching methods involved. From the wealth of reports you get the feeling that the greatest motive for doing this work must be for acceptance and status within their own peer groups; educationalists and

sociologists. Undoubtedly the gypsy children enjoy some of the projects, especially those in caravans they know. They are bright and bored most of the time, with not enough to do. But we shouldn't take it all so seriously. They are not entering the competitive stakes.

An ex-volunteer teacher with last year's summer schools, Mary Ingham felt she couldn't do it again. The summer schools are run all over the country, in two week sessions. They are run more as a playgroup, than as a school. The experiment was repeated this year, and proves very successful in terms of numbers, attendance and sheer popularity among the gypsy kids and parents.

'I don't hold with all that any more. They don't want educating, they're better off without it. One old gypsy said to me, "they'll kill conversation you know. We gypsies, we talk to each other." ' Their communication is very visual and alive. In the beginning we were only educating ourselves anyway. The shortness of time affected us. We found they'd be fine with us in the morning, then if we went to see them in the afternoon, although we had left a lot of writing and drawing materials, they were lost without us there. They had to forgive us a lot. We didn't always know enough about them.

'Anyway haven't the gypsies only survived as long as they have because they've had to fight our society all the way? If too many helpful, tolerant, intellectual people go and help, we'll be taking the fight away and the differences will be lost.'

And there is the same fear of 'assimilation' over the sites. The Caravan Sites Act finally included the order that local authorities should build permanent sites for a minimum of 15 families, and they should allow the gypsies to maintain their way of life. Unfortunately, if you visit a site, you can't help but feel a sense of impending bereavement. The gypsies are suffocated by gorgio 'tolerance.' The sites could well become replicas of Red Indian reservations. And, says Tom Lee, the gypsies don't want them. He believes they are largely peopled by gorgio families who find it cheaper than council housing. 'Let's hope that the gorgios will fill the sites, and we gypsies can get back on the roads again!'

Don Kenricks says, 'The councils shouldn't be giving them sites with everything catered for. At first all they want is somewhere to stop. You'll find they smash things up, if they didn't ask for them. Nomadic gypsies don't want to pay £3 a week for a site with hot water and electricity, they'll use the public baths and launderettes. They're used to scrounging off our society. That's his relationship with us, living off what we don't need.

'We feel that absolutely everything has to come from the inside. We are only gorgios and shouldn't be telling them what to do. Our slogan now, is "Stopping places not sites", which was the original intention of the Caravan Sites Act. But of course councils will be prepared to give over a piece of land, if they know that the gypsies will live in neat, straight lines, be clean and tidy, and not offend their neighbours!' 'Yes,' says Tom Lee, 'I know why they build sites, so they can wash their hands of us. They say, if we give you a site will you promise our gypsy problems will be over. They expect to see no more travellers.'

And there are some moves from the inside, over education as well. Don Kenricks again: 'We want their education to be more Romani orientated. Once we had started in this field we needed the help of the professionals. But it was taken over by them. Black people found the same problems. Now gypsy education should come from them. Gypsy people mustn't be made to lose their self-confidence.' They are hoping to set up classes this winter in Romani, to teach the teachers with Sanije, Grattan Puxon's Yugoslav Romani wife, as the first Romani teacher in England. They are also beginning to publish — as Romanestan Publications — the beginnings of a Romani literature. So far two pamphlets have appeared; the 'Romano Drom Song Book' and 'Mo Romano Lil,' the Gypsy Council school book. When gypsy children are learning to read, the important words they speak should be Romani. This book is written in the style of fragmented English all gypsies speak: 'Mandi rokkers to the gaujo. "You favours a grai, stor-yokkers!" ' (I talk to the gaujo. 'You look like a horse, four-eyes!')

The Romanies are right. And not one gypsy will ever read a word of all this! ■

Family everafter

Micheline Wandor

How effective is the family structure today? does the security it offers really satisfy the needs of the individual? Micheline, who is married and has two children, gives her views on the nuclear family.

Photographs by Claire Schwob

In the second issue of Spare Rib Mary Stott questioned the need for white weddings. But why not go further? Why not question the need for weddings at all, the need to get married and live in a little house with your mate and children? Is it, in fact an inevitable need? Is it the only and best way of organising the personal centre of our lives? On the surface it would appear to be. Large numbers of people get married every year; the whole of our upbringing, education and entertainment lead us to believe that love and marriage do indeed go together like a horse and carriage, and have always done so.

However, you probably don't have to look further than your own family (whether you're a parent, child, or both) to see some signs that all is not well; that the horse and carriage is straining up a never-ending hill with very little guidance if it has problems or breaks down. Psychologists write about the ways in which children suffer from social tensions created by their immediate family; doctors produce evidence to show that increasing numbers of housewives come to consult them about depressions and psychosomatic illnesses; children and parents find they can't communicate, husbands and wives begin to see each other as irritants with moments of compensation, rather than the person they 'freely' chose to build their lives with. The fact that most people still 'choose' marriage as the way of consolidating their central relationship doesn't mean that we are stuck with the institution, for better or for worse. It is more likely to indicate how difficult it is to create coherence out of an apparently disconnected morass of minor irritations which touch us where we are most vulnerable — in our personal relationships.

The more confident we become that there is nothing wrong in thinking there is something wrong with the family, the closer we'll move to a real and widespread change. The question is complex: one can't really understand what the 'family' is — how it has developed, the different forms it has taken, its function as a social unit without seeing it in the context of past and present society. I can't attempt to give that kind of definition here; I can only describe some of the overwhelming pressures which are the reality behind the vision of 'happily ever after' lived out in the environment of a Sunday supplement dream we all *really* know to be impossible. The emotional focus of this dream is the woman, caught in a million gossamer threads, lightly woven into the finest and most delicate mantle of suffocation. Love and a woman's place are in the home. What are the realities behind the ad-man's blurb?



Most women are either totally or partially dependent on their husbands. If they work they are either paid at a lower rate, have jobs of a lower status or work part-time, thus earning an income secondary to their husbands'. In most middle-class families this *dependence* is seen as *sharing*, or a fair division of labour. If he works all day and earns the money and you do the housework and look after the children, then that's fair. But as a woman you are infinitely more vulnerable in this situation than he is. His work is defined by another place, specific hours, tasks and conditions, and most important, by the fact that it is *paid* and thus officially recognised by the society. Your work is not defined by any of these conditions, and officially doesn't exist — to anyone outside your immediate family, that is. Your husband doesn't pay you for it and would probably be shocked if you suggested he did; he hasn't bought you — you have freely chosen to love and live with each other. So your housework is a subtle confusion between doing your 'fair' share, and acts performed because you love your family and want to look after them. As all women know, housework and children always exceed any definition of a working day; and because a woman's work takes place at home and a man's at 'work', it is difficult for any woman to make demands on her husband to share even the amount of housework that needs to be done when he's at home. He can refuse to get up in the middle of the night to feed the baby, refuse to do his or anyone else's washing or cooking on the grounds that he needs to conserve his energy for his own 'work'; after all, if he didn't bring home the money, how would you all live? For him housework is only defined as work when he doesn't want to do it. If he does, it is as a personal favour to you — as an act of 'love'. Your act of 'love', however, is compulsory.

Because a woman's working sphere is the home, she is the one who organises its mechanics. She decides where clothes, dishes, etc are kept. While her husband may have little real say in what happens in the world, at work he is at least in control of his immediate function. But when he comes home, he is in his wife's world, and her control of her 'world' is intensified by her total lack of control of relationship to the outside world. Because she receives money at second hand — from her husband's salary — her dealings with the world are second hand. Because her husband's day is divided between home and work, he probably comes into contact with more people, is more used to seeing other areas outside the home. A housewife's whole world is limited to her home and shopping, and it's easy to lose the ability to do more than the basic necessities: you balk at making arrangements on the phone, you lose the ability to deal with strangers easily. Because a woman's opportunities for communication are so much more limited she needs to dominate in the small area she has control over, and may well become bossy, hen-pecking, encourage her husband's helplessness (while covering herself by also complaining about it). If in fact he *did* offer to share the housework completely, she would lose what little control she had, and be made redundant, and at some level she is aware of this.

Our prevailing sexual morality is a repressive one; there are vast pressures to restrict sexuality to marriage and anyone who tries to work out more liberated forms of living and relationships inevitably finds it difficult. There is also widespread confusion about sexuality — from the amount of factual knowledge people are given, to controversy over what is 'right' and 'normal', or 'wrong' and 'abnormal'. Marriage could theoretically create at least one relationship for each person where sensuality was free and open, but it's wishful thinking to assume that two repressed individuals inevitably become liberated sexually when they marry, just because their activity has been morally and legally sanctioned by the society. This is further confused because of the different sexual role conditioning for men and women: men learn (not always happily or successfully) to be aggressors, women to be passive. Because of the woman's economic and psychological dependence on her husband, she is also sexually dependent, continuing to need and want his approval.

However, as soon as she has a child she is in the reverse position — she is, as it were, the man. The child is totally dependent on mother for the most intimate things — she handles its whole body, cleans its vomit, can kiss and cuddle it whenever she wants to — and she is therefore the initiator of sensual contact. Babies respond instinctively, and for many women this may be the most openly sensual exchange with another human being they have ever had — or may ever have. Essentially this is very healthy, but it does have the drawback of firstly being a situation in which incest taboos are still very strong, which means that the mother can never consciously admit to herself that she gets simple, sensual pleasure out of this contact; and secondly, she again finds herself playing a schizoid role: with her child she is initiator, with her husband she is still the passive one in the relationship. ►



One of the few ways in which a woman can be genuinely productive in the home is to have children; not only does she create in her own body a new and complex human being, she also creates a potential situation of loving and caring, an emotional exchange between parents and children.

At first, when the baby is totally helpless the mother does everything: prepare its food and feed it, bathe it, wash its clothes, give it love, warmth and security. Because of her working role at home, a woman also performs many of the same functions for her husband: prepares his food, cleans up his mess, washes and mends his clothes, provides him with love, warmth and security — the functions his own mother performed for him. As soon as a child joins the family, what she does for her husband becomes blurred between lover- and mother-function. Because her feelings for her child are far more protective, and because the child (initially, anyway) can't question what she does, she may well transfer the same feelings to her husband: think of him as a helpless baby, since in most practical things around the house he is — though wilfully rather than involuntarily. However, as far as he is concerned, she is still the adult and sexual partner he married, and while probably accepting many of the mother-functions she performs for him, he still expects her to switch back into being an 'adult' on occasions. Her functions are distinct, but often simultaneously demanded of her, so that she has to be an actress switching deftly from role to role; mother to baby, mother to husband, lover to husband, nurse to baby, nurse to husband, dependent on husband, psychologist and teacher to baby, pupil to husband.

Somewhere within this labyrinth is her 'self', if only she can find it. The odds on her finding it are minimal, since she never makes the choice on which role she is playing. That is always determined by either her husband or children, or both in conflict with each other.

The isolation of mother and child/children in the home means that they have total freedom in their relationship with each other in the sense that there's no-one else to restrict their regime. However, this becomes confused for both: there are conflicts between the emotional freedom a mother has with her child and those she establishes with adults. With a baby you learn a subtle, non-verbal system of communication. You are ultra-sensitive to its demands, learning to recognise meanings in the tiniest nuance of movement and sound. Other people marvel, assuming it is born of some mysterious, eternal mother-child bond, forgetting that they themselves experience similar intuitions with lovers or people they are close to. Through contact with small children you relearn spontaneity of response and expression, you 'play' again. However, you might be able to roll around on the floor and gurgle at home, but if you do it in the street people think you're mad. It's also confusing for the child who sees you as a free and loving person at home, trying to answer questions about sex, race, etc, and then in public sees you behaving like everyone else, defending the status quo by conforming to norms about behaviour. It takes a long time before the child can understand the nature of this split.



The home is a place of refuge and shelter from the rest of the world. It is a defensive oasis; the front door isn't just a few planks of wood, designed to keep out the rain and the prying eyes of neighbours, but a symbol of the division between two worlds — the outside, public world and the inside, private world. Our imagination (nurtured by education and culture) tells us that as women we are better off in the private world, caring for children, free to organise our time, our emotions unfettered by the realities of nine-to-five and bureaucracy. But we don't realise that once we shut the door we have committed ourselves to — at the best — quarantine, or — at the worst — to an indefinite prison sentence for some crime which no-one has quite defined. After all, by 'choosing' marriage and a family, we are presumably choosing what is natural, and we should therefore be happy. Our failure *must* be individual, we think.

Who can you complain to? From whom can you demand better conditions, discuss what went wrong? Your husband probably believes (with certain variations) that a woman's place and job are in the home; he may himself be suffering pressures outside the home, and the odds are he can't really understand because he hasn't experienced your pressures himself. If he's sympathetic he hasn't got the answer, even if he's got the kind of job where he can share the home load more equally — an alleviation only possible for a tiny minority of couples.

What began as a dream of love and security, a challenge, the building of a home and family, becomes a nightmare. The sounds the children make become torture, you feel guilty because it isn't their fault; housework is meaningless, the day doesn't seem worth getting through. No-one can understand that you've simply been driven mad and that it isn't a condition that pills or therapy can cure (though both may relieve you). I use the term 'mad' to describe a state of dislocation in which you don't know where or who you are. With no real relationship to the outside world, you are a kind of bewildered prize in the perpetual emotional tug of war between husband and children without time or space to worry about where you yourself fit in. No woman can emerge from it undamaged, and most women are damaged severely. It's just that the signs are dismissed; they're 'neurotic', or 'hysterical', or 'unnatural'. On the surface women cope, children are pretty healthy, the family facade is maintained. But the price we pay is too great: the family may be obedient to physical incest taboos, but it over-compensates by emotional incestuousness. Husband and wives bicker like the prisoners in a cell that they are, children can't wait to get away from their parents, parents feel abandoned and betrayed.



I've said little about the ways in which men and children are oppressed by the family. This is because children have still got their lives in front of them (if they can rid themselves of their family ties) and men have some compensations: at the very least they get out of the house, they have contact with the outside world and other people through their work and friends. They at least have a defined social role (even if it's an oppressed one); they generally have established structures within which to make complaints and demands if they want to. Women have none of these, only the sense of failure and guilt.

If anything is to change we must examine the signs: no irritation or discontent should be ignored, however small. We need to be as honestly critical as we can about our own families, whether we're parents or children or both. We must realise that our failure is not that of individuals. The family as it exists today is a non-starter. It is not a social institution in which anyone except a privileged few can develop either their own abilities or their relationships. The dream was never possible and so the question of failure doesn't arise. The family as we know it hasn't always existed, and if we are careful to understand it as well as we can, we can work towards new ways of organising our personal relationships and the way they integrate with our work and other areas of society.

As a long-term prospect this will inevitably involve more communal forms of living; at this stage the answers are different for different people. For some communal living is already possible to some extent, in some families there is a genuine attempt to break down the division of labour so that both work and both share the housework and children. For other people the understanding has meant the break-up of the marriage. This is traumatic and damaging, especially to children too young to understand, but it is important to realise that it is the extreme, violent isolation of the family unit which forces people to break out of it with violence so that its members can define for themselves their own lives, relationships and identities. As members of our society we are all responsible for what happens in it. If we have not yet actively been so, then now's the time to start.

There are some books and pamphlets which analyse in greater detail the role of the family unit in the society as a whole; they're worth reading as they give a wider context to some of the points I've made in this piece.

The Feminine Mystique, by Betty Friedan (Penguin); *The Myth of Motherhood*, by Lee Comer, Spokesman pamphlet, 8p, from the Women's Liberation Workshop, 3-4 Shavers Place, London WC1; *Woman's Estate*, by Juliet Mitchell (Penguin), 25p; *Political Economy of Women's Liberation*, by Margaret Benston, American pamphlet, from Agitprop, 248 Bethnal Green Road, E.2. ■



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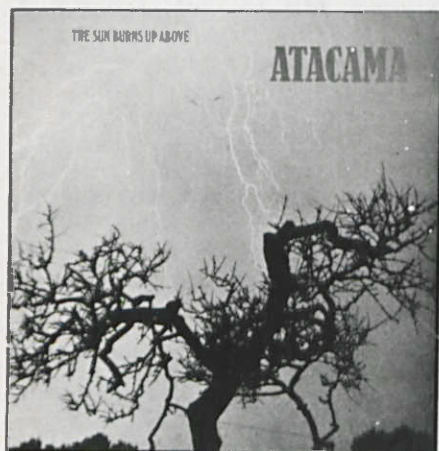
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REMEMBER...

CHARISMA PUTS A LITTLE COLOUR IN YOUR CHEEKS.



Man's World

Confessions of a dirty young man

Jonathon Green

photograph by Jenny Fleet

I'm a sexist. An unashamed exploiter of femininity and all its popular assets. Under a number of names and in a number of nameless magazines I parade my fantasies and blatantly fly in the face of feminist ideological purity, hoping the while that the especial kinks of my psyche happen to fit in with those of various editors and the massing readership.

Ladies... women... sisters!! Don't know the meaning of the words. What I deal in is 'Suzanne, nubile in her tight hot-pants, she runs like a fawn, her taut young breasts fighting the constriction of her sheer blouse' or 'A young girl, proud of her full maturity, revelling in all the delights of her sensual young body... "Men, I can't do without you", says this month's Nymphet, and we say "Etta, we just couldn't do without you"'

In fact, if the truth be told, the task of a writer on any of what are euphemistically bracketed together as 'Men's Magazines' is just like that of the comedians who used to appear between the strippers in skin shows. The poor hack was sent on as the girls were changing into their Nazi uniforms, schoolmarm's kit or whatever and made a few jokes to the raucous accompaniment of an audience who quite frankly didn't want to know. And the editors of today's magazines have no illusions. 'Look, don't write it too long - after all, no-one's actually buying it to read, now are they?' No, they are not. Playboy set the style years ago - that gritty purposive interview that they slapped in there right at the front. Some superstar of controversy put through the mill for the edification of readers who'd much rather get on to the gatefold, but who like to say to quizzical friends 'Fantastic piece with so-and-so, didn't you think...'

Not everyone can get to verbal grips with their media favourites of course. The larding of the visual content with words has to be managed in less immediately appealing ways. Top of the hype list must be the 'Sex Research' piece. 'Our own highly qualified sexologist, pupil of Masters and Johnson, Professor Natalie Rocsov, has been probing the country for her series Sex in Suburbia. Now she reveals her startling results, exclusive to...' And there follows anything from one to ten thousand words of supposedly 'in-depth' and 'nationwide' interviews, replete naturally with learned comment. Looks good, reads great, and who knows, there may even be a grain of truth in all that homeproduced fun. For home-produced these probes certainly are. The nearest the average 'expert sexologist' gets to a nationwide tour is the short

walk from the typewriter to the fridge for another can of cold beer.

Unethical? Disgusting? Maybe. But one thing's absolutely clear. The demand is undeniably there and there's little chance of any of these magazines suffering the problems that their more salubrious cousins in Fleet Street are facing. What underlines the need for so many purveyors of glossy fantasy is the flood of letters that each and everyone are sent. And no matter how fraudulent may be the rest of the so-called 'intellectual' pieces in the magazine, the pages of letters, from one (grubby) liners, to thirty pages of miniscule text, are one hundred per cent for real. Not a day passes when the letter box does not bulge with information, requests and pure masturbatory fantasies which have to be communicated to another person. Knave and Fiesta, two mags brought out of the same office, have even installed a service called 'Dial A Letter'. Ring the number printed in the magazine and the tape will capture your every syllable. Every morning a hapless secretary dutifully transcribes the tapes, faithfully reproducing every heavy breath and tortured phrase. Members of rock groups phone in to describe the ministrations of the groupie who is, even now, indulging some spectacular variation on

Janet or Kate does her suspender belt and fishnets and ogles hubby's Polaroid. The response to this regular feature, and the pages full of prancing Mums bear witness to man's eternal search for kicks, or the old adage: Some people would do anything to get into the papers.

Liberation is not really an issue for men's magazines, read as they are almost exclusively by men. There are jokes, and the occasional letter from women who write in praising the magazine and, in passing, mention the odd experience they just happen to have had. The fourteen year old schoolgirls who seem to spend so much time industriously retelling the tales of their lost virginity and subsequent adventures are far more likely forty year old men hopefully dreaming up a spent youth they never achieved at the time. Nearest to women's lib, given the context, are the first person accounts of girls who basically do no more than find themselves new men every month and write the whole thing down for the readers of the particular magazine to which they are contracted. Coy and somehow self-conscious, one can only hope that they make a better go of bed than they do on paper. Kissing and telling is the rule; and it pays. Fiona, whose exploits grace the pages of Men Only,

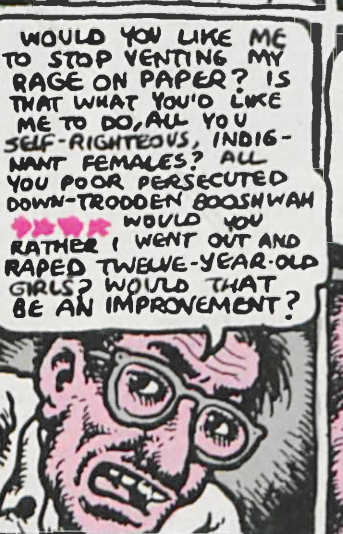
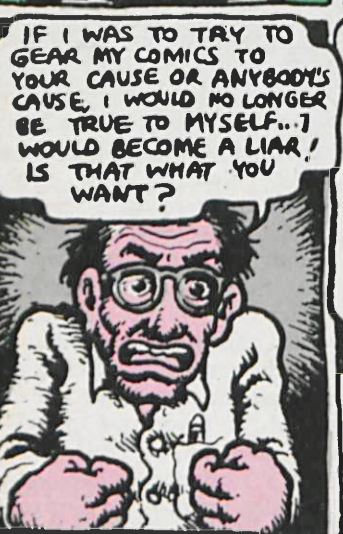
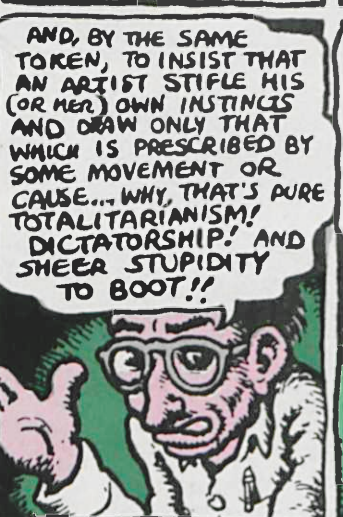
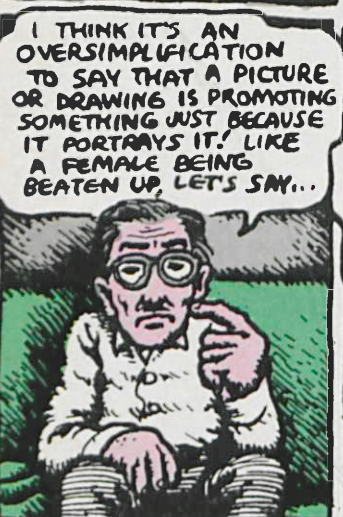
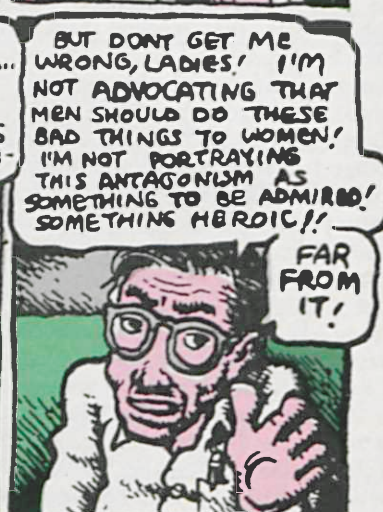
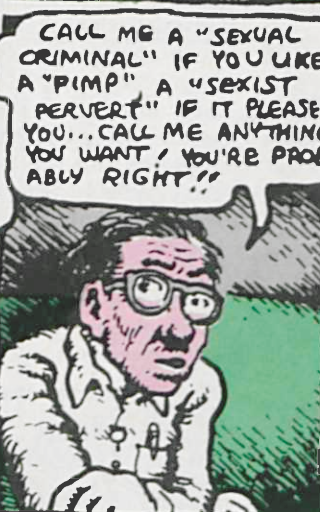
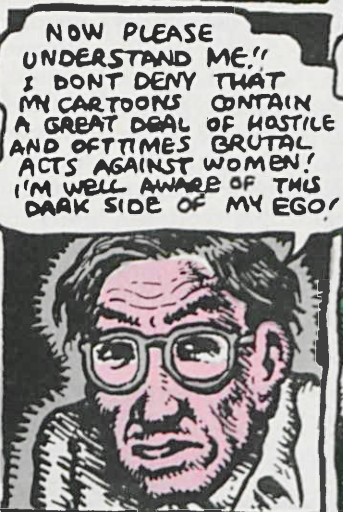
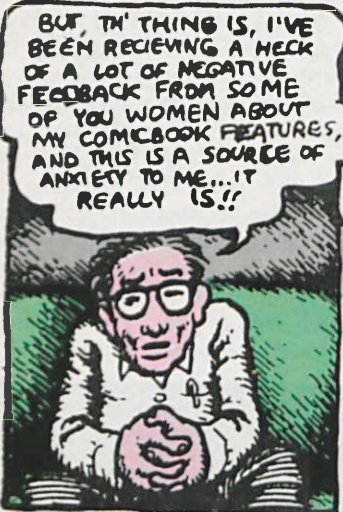
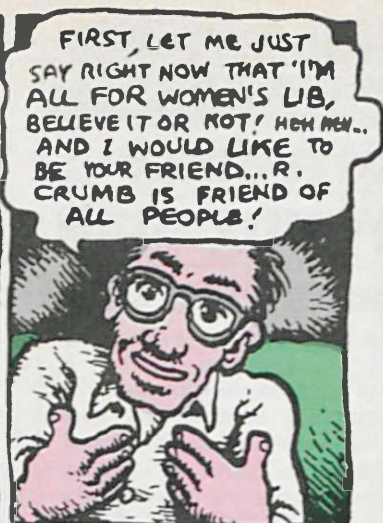
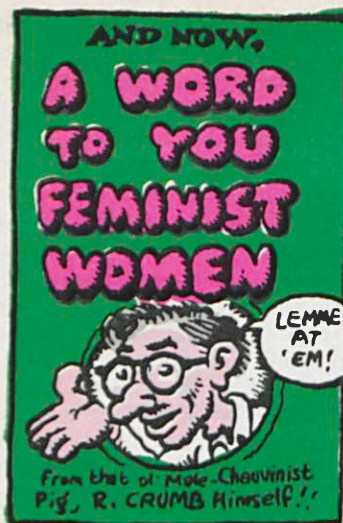


the norm. Members of that persecuted minority, who as yet have not aspired to their own Liberation Front, the fawn mac brigade, murmur their longings over a pay phone. Drunken revellers swear hideously for a minute, giggle and slam down the receiver. The letters themselves are the real shock. Sheet upon sheet of the most intimate detail, written with unflagging energy and what must be either total recall or superb imagination. Perhaps the letters are no more real than their writers mind is able to conjure up, but whatever the source, there is no doubt as to the fact of their being written in profusion.

There is even a service called 'Reader's Wives' which gives those who fancy a little visual, rather than verbal exhibitionism, the chance to send in pictures of their wife or girlfriend. Depressingly conditioned by the magazine, obedient Mary,

makes a four figure income and drives an E-Type.

It must have been hell for Lord Longford as he perused the mountains of filth and depravity before him in his search for purity. Naked flesh, letters of unbelievable depravity, writing, both fiction and fact, that must have seemed only slightly removed from a lavatory wall. What a tide of degeneracy for a few clean souls to stem. That the girls are air-brushed into attractiveness, that the letters are the products of frustrated minds and that the sex-probes and other revelations of the permissive society are more often than not no more than the products of a freelance who could put over an equally credible performance if the topic had been one chosen by the Church Times may well not give him much comfort. It's still true.



Robert Crumb is America's foremost underground cartoonist, but because of the sexist tone of some of his cartoons, he is constantly under attack from the Women's Liberation movement in the States. In this cartoon, Crumb replies to the women — for the sake of decency we have censored parts of it!

Teeside tattle

Jean O'Keeffe

Two women in the news on Teesside this month are Maureen Richardson and Gay Hewitson. Both have the drive and enthusiasm to make their individual marks towards solving the area's problems.

Maureen, a member of the Northeast Survival Group, is asking for a lorry to transport waste paper to a local buyer. She is intent on starting a wastepaper collection scheme which will help the group's aim of recycling resources.

'When we know how many people want to be on the rota we can get organised,' she said confidently.

Later the group expects Teesside County Borough Council to take over the scheme and so provide new jobs here.

Gay Hewitson's enthusiasm drives her down a different path to the same end. There has not been a woman labour MP in the north east for thirteen years, but Gay was accepted as prospective labour candidate for Cleveland and Whitby constituency in June.

A lecturer in social work at Teesside Polytechnic she has a degree in law and has done two lots of post graduate social training.

Although she anticipates a general election in eighteen months Gay is already getting to know her constituents. She plans to hold a new type of surgery where people can get her advice on their welfare rights and state benefits.

Five Teesside women who were told either to accept a new shift scheme or leave their jobs wound up the battle with their employers before an Industrial Tribunal. They were awarded a total of £615 redundancy pay.

Mrs. Vera Hatton, Mrs. Ivy Chambers and Mrs. Doreen Davidson of Middlesbrough, with Mrs. Winifred Luther and

Mrs. Helen Lavery of Normanby, claimed that they were given the ultimatum by Remah Garage, Longlands Road, Middlesbrough and decided on redundancy, holiday and outstanding wages after an agreement with their union representative and the general manager. Four received all the money promised except redundancy pay and one did not get payment in lieu of notice.

The employers told the tribunal that they had done more than enough to accommodate the staff over the new shift system. Mrs. Hatton, who had worked for Remah Garage for eight years, said that their claim was justified and they were satisfied with the tribunal's finding.

Hundreds of Sunderland council tenants, organised by a group of housewives, are prepared to risk eviction from their homes in defiance of the Housing Finance Act. Martha Rawling, secretary of the Thorney Close Estate association, calls the Act's 70p average rent increase which comes into force this month (Oct.) 'a rotten deal'.

'No-one on Thorney Close can afford the increases. We want eventually to bring about the abolition of the Act.' A protest raised 1,000 signatures and about 20 of the women met their Labour ward councillors who are supporting the mass non-payment stand.

Mrs. Florence Otterson, one of the councillors, spoke of the bitterness of people who felt that the rise was unjust. She is hoping that the council will accept a resolution that pensioners and those on supplementary benefits should not have to pay the increase until their rebates are available.

Last month (Sept.) Sunderland's labour controlled corporation agreed under protest to implement the Act, having won a cut from £1 to 70p in

the first of the increases intended to bring council rent up to a 'fair' level. The Housing Comte has to decide whether to evict a tenant who refuses to pay.

But the association is also angry about the 'glorified means test' form which they have to complete, revealing their incomes, to claim a rent rebate. Coun. Mrs. Ethel Glanville said that it was an invasion of privacy.

'We want the protest started by these women here to spread throughout Sunderland.' A public meeting is planned and a meeting with the town's Trades Council to enlist support.

Because she enjoys a good laugh on a night out Ann Davidson of Billingham, Teesside, has been banned from the Silver Star Restaurant.

Manager Eric Yeung prefers a gentler Chinese chuckle, or that famous inscrutable smile. He says that Ann's laugh is 'bad for business'. He has had to ask her to be quieter on a previous occasion.

Ann's comment was 'Ridiculous, no-one has ever complained before. I was told I could not have a meal in front of other customers and felt humiliated.'

(The moral being, if you have something infectious don't eat in public places.)

Helen's face may have launched a thousand ships but apparently it takes eight Teesside models to get a plane off the ground.

The Civil Aviation Authority has refused an operating licence for a service between Teesside and Amsterdam.

Arthur Pearson, chairman of Teesside Airport Joint Committee, had the models collecting signatures at the airport on September 17, during Concorde's fly-over visit.

Thousands of people signed — the girls really put their hearts into the job, and legs, and hips and. . . .

A hundred women marched on council offices in Blyth, Northumberland, this month (Sept.) demanding a safe place for their children to play.

Isabel Guyan, one of the organisers, handed over a

petition signed by nearly all 700 people living on the Cowpen Farm Estate.

She demanded that the spare land now used as a rubbish dump on the estate should be cleared to avoid further accidents.

Borough engineer, Arthur Moss, met the onslaught of women, children, banners and placards, with the usual placating assurances.

The council already has planning permission and a government grant, but are 'still taking over the land'.

Children in Blyth might 'possibly' be able to play safely next May.

Ludmilla

In the Times of 21.9.72 Bernard Levin devoted his column to the troubles facing Ludmilla Prussakova, a Jew living in Russia. He claimed in the article that the Women's Liberation Movement in Britain tended to ignore women like Ludmilla and concentrate their energies on beauty contests. But don't be put off by his self righteous tone and if you would like to help this suffering woman reach Israel, or Russian Jews like her who are harassed and persecuted in their attempts to leave the country contact Greville Janner, All Party Parliamentary Committee for the Release of Soviet Jewry, House of Commons, Westminster.

Victorian attitudes

Welsh women should not sit back and relax in the belief that Leo Abse, MP for Pontypool, is asking the Welsh Secretary of State to do something about giving them equal opportunities. Although his concern extends to the only woman professor in Wales who does not even have her own department, his wife acknowledges that he is rather Victorian in his attitudes. I even have to pack his suitcase when he goes away.'

INTERMEDIA

INTERMEDIA WEEKEND WORKSHOP

FOR DETAILS SEE NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE

Women are not supposed to be creative. Why? Because art has always been defined by men.

Many female artists have adopted pseudonyms in an effort to overcome prejudice because women's work has always been considered inferior to men's.

Few women have actually managed to transcend the stigma of their sex, and yet in spite of their prejudice, women have always produced work, largely unrecognised.

We look forward to a time when art will no longer be categorised by the sex of its creator and will no longer be the province of experts, but a relevant part of our lives.

We want to bring women together to examine this dilemma.

We want to show that women are creative and to do this we are putting on a weekend of exhibitions, events, films, theatre produced mainly by women. There'll also be a chance to gain some practical knowledge of the use of materials and equipment.

Bike Ways

It looks as if the humble bicycle is making a comeback.

In the United States, 8 million bicycles are bought every year — many imported from British lightweight dealers. One of the factors underlying the boom seems to be the search for health. Medical research has shown that the human being who never exerts him/herself is far more likely to get various diseases — among them, heart-disease.

Tests have also shown that cycling is one of the best ways of re-conditioning the deteriorating, middle-aged person.

(You have to do it pretty hard before it has any effect, but cycling is like that — you can make it as hard or as easy as you care to.) Pollution, and in particular a re-action against the dirty, smelly, noisy motor-car, is the other motive for the return to pedal-power — and this motive applies in Britain as well. American Secretary for Transportation, John S. Volpe, who has taken part in a national Bike-Day demonstration declared his intention of making Washington a model city for bike-riders.

In Britain, however, no official move to aid two-wheeled transport has yet been made.

In spite of this apathy on the part of government (or perhaps because of it) a wave of demonstrations against the car and in favour of the bike has hit, Edinburgh, Cambridge and now London. The Bike-In in which I rode was rather like a carnival on two wheels, and that was how the police had classified it. There were balloons, streamers and some fancy clothes.

Car-free is care-free, Bikes are better, Cars kill, and Bikes don't pollute, —

— Were some of the slogans on view. In spite of the carnival atmosphere, however, there were a few ugly scenes with cars and six people were arrested.

Another London Bike-In put some of Prof. Peter Hall's proposed Bike-ways to the test. In an article in 'New Society' ('Equal rights for bikes,' 12-8-71) he had suggested link-

ing certain areas of London by means of sign-posted routes for cycles, using mainly parks and back lanes.

Running from the Earl's Court Road to St. Paul's and the City,

and from Swiss Cottage in the north to Battersea Park in the south. Where the Bike-ways ran through streets, he suggested, it might be necessary to limit the speed of other traffic to ten or fifteen m.p.h. (Bus services in Central London currently average 11 m.p.h.) "Where the bike paths crossed main roads, there could be special bike crossings, like pedestrian ones, probably with traffic lights," he wrote.

Commitment, one of the groups involved in organising the Bike-ins, is hoping to hold a National Bike-Day, here, later.

Should Bike-ways ever be made a reality, they would not only be a boon to tourists wishing to see the sights.

Many people would use bicycles who are now too much afraid of the traffic, — which, in itself, would reduce congestion, fumes, delay and noise. And if, by an extension of Prof. Hall's idea, the London Bike-ways could run out through the suburbs to link with country lanes, cycling might once more become a family recreation. Even now it is possible to find quiet lanes with flowers in the hedges and birds singing within reach of an afternoon's ride from Central London. These pleasures are denied to the children in, for instance, Islington, because their parents are very naturally afraid to let them ride on the main roads out into the country. With a little planning, the bike could become a link between the city and the country in a way the car never could. Because the car will certainly carry you out of the city — but it can never take you into the country: you remain insulated from the reality, you never feel the rain, perhaps, but you never get sunburnt either.

Serena Wadham

Contacts: Cyclist's Touring Club, 69 Meadon, Godalming, Surrey. Commitment, 26 Grosvenor Rd., St. Albans. Peace News, 5 Caledonian Rd., N.1.



Bike-in at Piccadilly Circus: Serena Wadham

Cancer tests—too expensive

In 1970 breast cancer deaths totalled 10,677, but despite this the Department of Health has decided that it is too expensive to provide free cancer tests for women between 25 and 69. In a circular letter to Medical Officers of Health, Sir George Godber, the Government's chief medical officer, says, 'It would be irresponsible to commit ourselves to launching what would undoubtedly be a very costly service of as yet unproven value'. He went on to say that the dose of radiation received in an annual cancer test in itself represented a slight cancer risk.

Firsts for women

The BBC is at last acknowledging that women can read the news as well as men. Hilda Bamber from Wigan and Barbara Edwards from Hertfordshire have joined their team of presentation announcers, on Radio 4.

Linda Culpan has been appointed Britain's first women senior traffic warden controller by Scotland Yard.

Sister Mary Jean, a nun of the Anglican Order of the Holy Paraclete, is the first woman to join the pastoral staff of Westminster Abbey.

Women Sergt E.I.G. Blacker has won the Police Federation prize. She was considered the student to have made the greatest contribution to the course in extra-curricula activities.

A New Government decree has caused an uproar in French social life. It entitles all French women over the age of 21 to be called Madame. Officially, it is to help the increasing number of unmarried mothers, who find it embarrassing to sign themselves Mademoiselle.

Burgher-mistresses

The Times of 11:9:72 printed a statement about a Bill introduced into the Belgium Parliament to make Belgian women officially citizens (the law at present only recognises men as citizens). However, this was denounced as rubbish by both the Legal and the Information departments of the Belgium Embassy. It seems that women already have complete citizens rights, they can vote, be MP's and Burghermasters, though the man remains the head of the family and the King the head of State.



Photograph by Claire Schwob

Cash incentive

From 1 September any woman doctor whose domestic life prevents her from practising fully — or on a regular part-time basis — can agree to work at least a dozen three and a half-hour sessions a year and attend seven further educational sessions a year. She receives an annual £50 retainer to meet the cost of registration, membership of a medical defence society, journals and so on.

To qualify she must be working less than two sessions, but there is apparently no restriction on the number of years women can take advantage of the scheme.

Mothers Anonymous

Social workers in Leeds are to start a scheme — called Mothers Anonymous — to aid lonely and frustrated mothers who have reached the point of despair and are liable to injure their babies.

Crotchety?

by Bonny Boston

September will unquestionably be remembered as Pornography Month by anyone who reads newspapers and books or watches television or listens to the radio. As a media event it was lamentably unavoidable.

First, there appeared a skilful distillation of the American Commission on Obscenity report by barrister Alan Burns, *To Deprave and Corrupt* (Davis-Poynter), followed hotly by *The Obscenity Report* (Olympia Press in a bizarre turn-about), which, in turn, was followed by a light-hearted compilation of 'fact and quotation', *The ABZ of Pornography* (Panther). And these were only little satellites hovering closely round the magnum opus, *Pornography: The Longford Report* (Coronet Books). The mammoth report, over 500 pages, was the product of a committee of fifty-two and a year's study, instigated as a result of the House of Lords debate in April 1971. Among its major proposals was a new working definition of pornography as 'that which outrages contemporary standards of decency and humanity', an extension of the obscenity law to cover broadcasting, theatre and films, more say for parents in the question of sex education, and the establishment of a voluntary advisory council to keep watch.

It is far too early to assess the real impact of Lord Longford and his Committee, if indeed there will be one.

Nor is there space here to argue. By now we all know the opinions of the more well-known members of the

Committee; Malcolm Muggeridge and David Holbrook, two eminent examples, both have aired their views in books and programmes of their own. But what of the other members? Were they all old, crotchety and conservative? Haven't you wondered just what prompts one of us ordinary beings to take such a stand? Well, we did. So we spoke to three of Lord Longford's women, all of whom were young (under thirty), hardly crotchety and not wildly conservative.

Caroline McCullough is a free-lance film maker, probably best known for her documentary on the American poet Robert Lowell. She had worked on the television series *Makers of History* with Antonia Fraser and met Lord Longford through this. He is, she assured us, a terribly nice man. A member of the Film Sub-committee, Caroline maintained that she was against the commercial aspects of porn but not against it artistically.

She feels strongly, too, about changing the organisation of the National Board of Film Censors, making it a more representative body along the lines of the ITA.

Her final summary? 'People shouldn't be exploited, and that is what pornography does.'

Not so strangely, Sara

Binney's ideas on the subject were pretty similar. Married but with no children, Mrs Binney had written a letter commending the original project and on the strength of that, Lord Longford had invited her to join him. She dismissed the more radical members of the Committee with a blithe 'of course they all have their own ideas' but had absolutely no qualms about adding her signature to the final draft of the report. When queried as to her beliefs, she admitted coyly, 'I'm for nice porn, that is, pornography which is pro-sex. Bad pornography is anti-sex.' There was sophisticated laughter in the background.

But it was Angela Jones who rationalised her position best. The youngest member of the group at 21 and a student nurse, Angela was surprisingly articulate on everything from censorship to abortion.

'I am very much a Christian and I can't see the Humanist point of view. As far as the young and sick people go, I believe there is control needed.'

She was cool and even sardonic about a Swedish 'blue film' she had viewed in the course of her duties: 'Being a nurse, I'm hardly disgusted by nudity.' She admitted her dad hadn't liked her participating one bit and that 'all my friends take the mickey out of me for it' but her only reservations were that in fact she hadn't contributed all that much.

Listening to such determination and conviction, I almost began to think she was right.

Letters

Dear Spare Rib, I see that you have published my letter in which I claim to have fed my family on £3 per week. Alas, I have no such genius. I meant £3 per head per week. Sorry. D. Morley, 152 Woolwich Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.

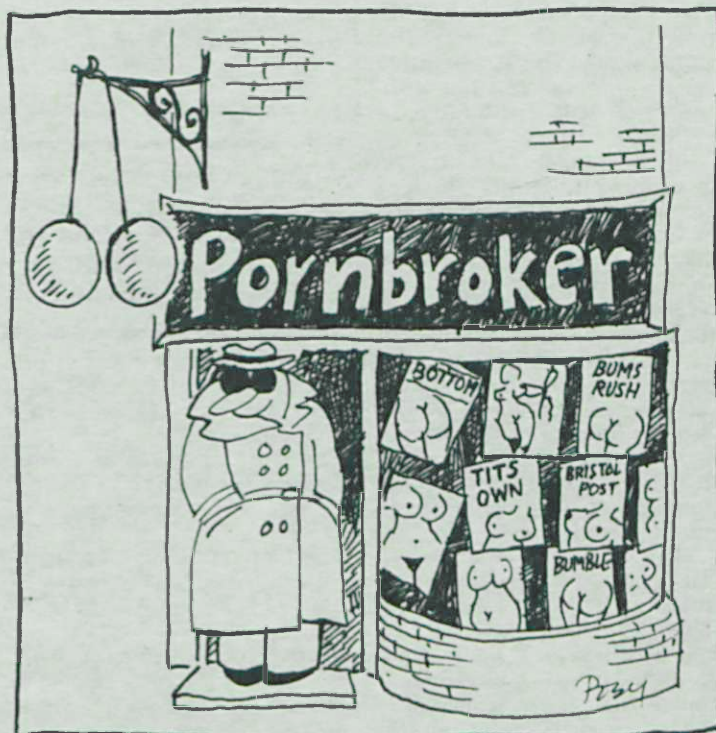
Dear Spare Rib, With reference to the article on agoraphobia in your current issue, could you find space in your next one to mention that there's a very good book on the subject called *Peace from Suffering*, by Dr. Claire Weekes, published by Angus & Robertson, at £1.50. It demystifies the symptoms and offers some very practical basic advice which really does help - I've found it very supportive and I think other people would too. Antonia Gaunt, 24a Ridgmount Gardens, WC1.

Thanks to Deborah Hart and Sally Duncan

The THEM illustration in the last issue was by Alan Grimwood

Paternity leave

The City University of New York has offered its male staff paternity leave on the same terms as female staff get maternity leave. Men will be eligible for up to 20 days of paid leave when their wives have babies and up to 18 months of unpaid leave thereafter. The object is to allow the father to stay at home and look after the baby if the mother wants to return to work.



In our Survey of national women's organizations, we deal this month with the largest in the country, as well as one that concerns all women but which you cannot join as an individual.

Women's Institute

Rapidly coming up to membership mark of half a million, the Women's Institutes today offer an image way beyond that of the 'preserves and pickles'. The movement is for women who work towards improving quality of life in rural areas and the conservation of the countryside. But members also look to many public questions, and now that they have changed their rules they can openly discuss chosen vital issues that would once have been against their non-sectarian non-party political rule.

As a result they voted this year at their annual meeting for a full and free Family Planning Service for everyone over the age of 16 who wishes to make use of it. They have also urged that legal aid should be more rapidly available to objectors at planning inquiries.

The movement started in England and Wales in 1915 and there are now over 9000 Institutes making it the largest women's organisation in the country. Also, being members of the Associated Country Women of the World they are in contact with eight million overseas.

There is, of course, a strong interest in crafts for the home — from curtain-making, millinery work and toy-making to all forms of cookery. But their programme also focuses on leisure education with attention given to photography, portrait painting and wood sculpture. There is, too, an emphasis on sport, gardening, not to mention music and drama, and WIs study historical, scientific, literary and cultural subjects. An Institute usually meets once a month in the village hall, parish room, or perhaps a school.

Members undertake projects in community work — such as helping both old and young people, the physically and mentally handicapped. They are keen on local government reform and are in constant touch with both local and national Government on matters of development, having campaigned for piped water, cleaner food, a tidier Britain and safer roads. They have their own Markets selling home-grown and home-made produce.

The WI has its own residential college, a beautiful country house in Berkshire, which any member may attend for courses that run from Monday to Friday or over a weekend, in topics that range from lampshades to democratic govern-

ment, from sweet-making to science and economics. There is also a family week when members can take husbands and children.



Looking to the future, Miss Sylvia Gray, Chairman of the National Federation of Women's Institutes says: 'Obviously in this day and age when matters of education change, we, as an educational movement, will advance with the times — but we will not really be altering our primary purpose.'

Details about how to join from NFWI headquarters at 39 Eccleston Street, Victoria, London SW1W 9NT.

Although completely separate organisations, there are bodies in Scotland and Northern Ireland with very similar aims and objects.

The Scottish Women's Rural Institutes were founded in 1917 and have a membership of 58,000.

Further information from SWRI headquarters at 42 Heriot Row, Edinburgh HE3 6EU.

The Federation of Women's Institutes of Northern Ireland has 175 branches with approximately 11,000 members.

Contact: Federation of WINI, N. Ireland War Memorial Building, Waring Street, Belfast 1.

Status of Women

When people first hear of the Status of Women Committee the usual reaction is one of at least gentle approval, for an obviously just cause, along with a feeling of curiosity as to what it is all about? Why a Committee? And how does it work?

While all the women's organisations are working 'for the cause' in one way or another they do all have slightly different aims concentrating on problems affecting particular categories such as married women, single women, and specialist professional interests. Others are concerned with broad principles of equality — in wages and in opportunity. Sometimes there is a bit of duplication. This is where the Status of Women Committee can step in to act as a co-ordinating body and also to provide the means of letting one organisation know what another is doing on a given matter.

Representing 29 leading women's organisations, the Committee exists for the special purpose of securing the removal of the discrimination against women in Britain.

Founded in its present form in 1945 it grew out of a fact-finding Committee set up just before the Second World War and which, during the war, was in abeyance. Now it seeks reforms, lobbies Members of Parliament. But, in the words of an official: 'We are a practical organisation and don't wave banners that ask for pie in the sky. We want our recommendations to be practical ones. Our representatives include the militant as well as the less militant and also men supporters.'

After being asked to discuss the Law Commission's working paper relating to 'women and property rights' the Committee organised a one-day conference at which a panel of speakers carefully analysed the issues raised and so supplied the Law Commission with helpful facts. Another way the Committee operates is through its Parliamentary Scrutiny sub-Committee which examines Bills as they are published and reports on those that affect women's rights or status either in a positive way or in a nega-

tive way as in the case of a discrimination 'against' arising because the needs of women have been ignored.

Immediate interest is centred on Pensions and the planned changes to be made by the Government. Among the proposals welcomed is the move to base Insurance contributions on earnings regardless of a person's sex.

At the same time, the Committee feels very strongly that the age for the granting of State Retirement Pensions should be the same for men and for women.

A watchful eye is being kept on the implementation of the Equal Pay Act and representations have been made to everyone concerned — from employer's bodies to trade unions — for the Act will not do away with the exploitation of women as cheap labour. Other points being studied include the question of domicile of a married woman, equality in taxation, and the need for joint guardianship of infants.

Progress is slow. Not only because of the tardiness of authority but because with 29 democratic organisations to be consulted it can be difficult to get unanimous agreement on points of fine detail.

There is also a group of co-opted experts to advise on particular subjects such as industrial relations, social welfare, education, political economy, and interpretation of the law, not to mention the women's movement as a whole.

The main Committee meets four to five times a year in the House of Commons under the chairmanship of Dame Joan Vickers, M.P., but there is a Liaison sub-Committee which meets once a month in Dame Joan's flat to initiate action.

On a personal note, the chairman has a special sympathy for the Women's Lib. movement and says: 'We owe a lot to Women's Lib. They have done a great deal to wake up the women in the older organisations.'

Margaret McGill

For the individual who wants to help actively in women's rights the way is through membership of one of the participating societies. Information about these from: Status of Women Committee, 44 Westminster Gardens, Marsham Street, London S.W.1.

Computers need their humans

From Lady Lovelace who explained Babbages computing engines to the world to the present day women have always made their mark in the computer industry. It has a jargon of its own: these formidable machines need their humans to act as communicators between them and their users and to translate problems into a language the machines can 'understand'. The computers are the 'hardware' and the systems analysis and programming is the 'software' provided by skilled technicians – the 'liveware' without which the whole operation cannot function.



Mrs Steve Shirley

It was in 1962 that Mrs Steve Shirley (now 38) started to form her group of qualified women experts, programmers B.Sc. in mathematics. There is really no need, she told me, for any woman – any suitable woman – to pay for her computer training since, apart from the post-graduate courses in computing, the average programmer and systems analyst is trained by her employers, which means attending formal courses sandwiched with on-the-job experience. The computer manufacturers or the really big organisations train best. Those I have spoken to are, and can afford to be, choosy: giants like IBM, for example, are very selective.

But – women marry! And with the increasing responsibilities that marriage brings, employers lose valuable experts.

But a well-organised home life, with or without a child leaves time enough and very soon the trained expert begins to feel frustrated. Ex-computer technicians with the right background and references working for Mrs Shirley's fpl must be willing to work for a minimum of 15 hours per week, but a good average is 20 hours. This will bring earnings of around £20 to £30 a week as a programmer and from £10 to £20 as a systems analyst or consultant.

There are never 'typical

women' or their careers in fpl or F2 or F International – but one career I did find more than usually interesting as background and possibilities, present and future.

and systems analysts, who had usually resigned their posts to start a family and who were able and very willing to use their expertise from home, usually part-time. They welcomed the return to their skills and were welcomed by the then rapidly expanding computer industry.

The basic idea was good and succeeded: starting with one or two friends and ex-colleagues, Steve Shirley now has over 350 computer professionals on her register and the original programming company – Freelance Programmers Ltd. (fpl) has a sister company, F2 Limited which concentrates on Systems Design and Consultancy, – and F International is the holding company of the group and also holds a 25% share in Allied Software Houses, (ASH).

The business story of the success is remarkable: £700 of work in the first 10 months of 1962 and today in one month (July 1972) – £30,000.

But the story of the humans, the women, is as interesting as the business success.

First, Steve Shirley herself: at 18 she went to work in the Post Office as a scientific assistant 'pounding a desk calculator'. But for 6 years she studied in the evenings at the Sir John Cass College to get her

Ann Leach became interested in computers while working for the Meteorological Office in 1958, when, after an accident she was immobilised and became almost obsessed with achieving a career in computers and learned all she could about it.

In 1959 she joined Kodak Limited as a statistician

and used the Pegasus computer.

Later she was one of the first people to use the Atlas in 1963/64. In 1961 she had married, but she went on working for 4 more years, joining Kodak's Data Processing department and getting firsthand experience of major production control systems. In 1965, as a happily married mother with a 3-months old daughter, she joined fpl. Ann Leach is now F2's Technical Director and F International's internal consultant. But, as well as all this, Mrs Leach chairs the British Computer Society's CODASYL Working Party on Systems Design and co-ordinates for the BCS the activities of colleagues helping the Science Museum set up its new Computer Gallery which will be opened next Spring and is aimed at the intelligent 12 to 15 year-olds who form the bulk of the Museum's visitors.

Mrs Leach is also at present standing for election to the Council of the British Computer Society, and if she is elected will be the first woman to achieve this.

fpl has 99% women workers and F2 between 70 and 80%. The formidable list of their clients shows that their first routine job was for British Steel Corporation and they are currently doing their 15th assignment for them. Other clients include Esso Petroleum, AERE (Harwell), the Admiralty Underwater Establishment, the Ministry of Aviation and Supply, the Council of the Stock Exchange, the Department of Health and Social Security and the Economist Intelligence Unit – among others.

Steve Shirley has kept her expanding organisation and its personnel with their feet firmly on the ground.

They have flexible ability to turn out impeccable work, plus willingness to cope at short notice. One of their earliest jobs was an important contract to write programs (always spelt in the American way!) for analysis of the Black Box flight recorder of Concorde. This was done, on time, working round the clock.

The computer world not only admits women but uses their skills and it is one of the professions they can continue after marriage on a part-time basis – no bad thing for a girl to consider when she leaves school. A Degree is always

useful but many succeed without one and, if the school has not all the information as to training and employment possibilities, then write to the British Computer Society, 29 Portland Place, London W1 and get all details.

Joan Woollcombe

Machine Writing

Sylvia Hudson



A hundred years ago our female predecessors were battling to enter the business world when the first commercial typewriter emerged from the workshops of E Remington & Sons of New York, an established firm producing sewing machines and agricultural implements.

The inventor, Christopher Sholes, after seven years hard work, approached the firm with his first practical model, to be developed in their workshops. These early models were operated by a foot pedal, and the keys arranged in alphabetical order. After a great deal of experimentation it was decided to adopt the idea of the printing industry and rearrange the letters in order of convenience as those most used were not easily accessible and type bars were frequently clashing. It is interesting to note that this keyboard pattern is used almost unchanged to this present day (although its convenience is debatable). The New York Y.W.C.A. opened a school for typing instruction and were opposed with the argument that women were 'too frail' to undertake such work. However, a group of pioneering women soon disproved this theory; although being met with male opposition from the business world. This is one battle that it would have been more fortunate to have lost!

Spare Time

Spare Rib was never meant to be a big-city oriented magazine. Most of our readers live out of London so we planned Spare Time to entertain you. Edited by Rosie Parker, Spare Time will cover a whole range of events round the country.

Birmingham

Stopover

A new season of events by experimental touring groups is being put on at The Arts Lab and Aston University Studio by DALTA, the Arts Council's touring scheme. Groups taking part are Potawoca, The Moving Being, Landscapes and Living Spaces, The Brighton Combination, Solid Gold Cadillac (Mike Westbrook's Band), 7:84 Theatre Company, The Freehold, The John Bull Puncture Repair Kit, and the Yorkshire Gnomes. October 30th – November 11th 8pm and 11pm Street shows in the second week.

Bristol

Jann Haworth

The Arnolfini Gallery is exhibiting Jann Haworth's work for the first time. Visitors to the Pop Art exhibition at the Hayward Gallery in 1969 probably remember her startling, eerie rag doll figure 'The Maid.'

October 18th – November 30th

Lancashire

Theatre Mobile

Gloria Parkinson the new Artistic Director of the Theatre Mobile believes that theatre depends on a close reciprocal relationship between actors and audience. 'Theatre is like a meal. You are the veg, we are the meat, and we are all in the same scouse pan together.' Theatre Mobile is travelling round Lancashire in November with a double bill, 'The Bear' by Anton Chekov and 'Zoo Story' by Edward Albee. The tour starts November 7th at Whitworth Civic Hall and ends the month at Accrington Town Hall November 30th.

Adrian Mitchel

Adrian Mitchel will be reading his poetry at Padiham on November 24th, and at Todmorden (Yorkshire) November 29th. His play 'Tyger', a celebration of William Blake was put on by the National Theatre company last season.

Lincolnshire

L.A.M.D.A.

(London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art) A group of final year students will be giving performances in Lincolnshire. A member of last year's tour describes the audiences as most enthusiastic. The programme has not yet been settled.

December 4th Spalding
December 7th Crowle
December 8th Tattershall
December 9th Stamford

Ballet for All

'a small, brilliant satellite of the Royal Ballet, tours the British Isles, illuminating the history and technique of the dance.'

(Spare Rib, September.)
November 1st Louth
November 2nd Cranwell
November 3rd Scunthorpe
November 4th Boston

Mobile Film Unit

The Lincolnshire Arts Association is setting up a unit to tour the more remote villages of the region. They are planning to visit Minting and North Summercotes.

Competitions

The Lincolnshire Theatre Company and The Arts Association are sponsoring a playwriting competition. A film making competition is also planned. Full details are available from County Centre, Burton Road, Lincoln.

Leicestershire

E.M.A.A.

The East Midlands Touring Theatre are crisscrossing the country until November 18th. Their aim 'is to make professional theatre available to everyone.' Their fee 'is negotiable and dependent on the resources of the group who books us.' This Autumn's repertoire includes 'The Ned Ludd Show', a musical documentary about the frame-smashing Luddites of the region – songs of the times. For further details contact East Midlands Arts Association, 1 Frederick St Loughborough.

London

The Serpentine Gallery

Kensington Gardens London W2. All printmakers under 35 excluding students can send up to three prints to the gallery for selection for their print bin or wall exhibition. Application forms from the gallery. November 1st – November 14th

Newcastle

The People's Theatre Arts Group

The Balcony by Jean Genet
November 27th – December 2nd.

Godspell

The animated, enthusiastic musical based on the Gospel according to St. Mathew will be at the Theatre Royal for three weeks from November 7th.

Norfolk

Art as Idea

An exhibition of conceptual art is being held at the University of Norwich, including artists from Britain, Holland, Germany, Japan and the USA.

Somerset

Ballooning

An exhibition of 18th and 19th century prints of ballooning is being held in Weston Super Mare. It marks the recent ballooning revival which has sent balloonists floating over the Alps and the Sahara.



Warwickshire

Regional Film Theatre

The fortythird Regional Film Theatre opens at Avon Hall, Leamington Spa. Hopefully the Regional Film Theatres will achieve the aims which the British Film Institute sets out. 'So far as possible each theatre should be used as a local film centre serving the needs in the fields of education, the arts and other specialised interests including local amateur and experimental film production. Each theatre should seek to be a miniature Film Institute in its own area.'

Yorkshire

Contemporary Dance Theatre

The Contemporary Dance Theatre is putting on Stages at the Leeds Grand October 30th for one week. The company was formed in 1967, it is the only recognized dance company in Europe which is permitted to teach the Martha Graham technique.

Welsh National Opera

The opera company will be in Leeds performing Turandot, Don Giovanni, Lulu, Rigoletto and Billy Budd. November 13th – November 18th.

Odd Fellows Studio

A new art gallery launched by Ann Todd at Pocklington with the aim of helping young artists in the East Riding.

We are relying on readers help in compiling this list. If you know of anything (film, theatre, exhibitions, music etc.) anywhere that people should know about please write in and provide us with details. Even if you have nothing specific to tell us we would welcome ideas on the kind of events you want to hear about. As we have to go to press early we need to receive information at least six weeks prior to publication.

In Sarawak, black teeth were considered beautiful and so people rubbed them with burnt coconut shells powdered and mixed with oil. This prevented them, it was said, from looking like dogs!(1) We, however, haven't taken 'black is beautiful' that far and still consider that teeth should be gleaming white and pearly.

Every time you talk, smile, laugh or scream, your teeth are visible, so you would think we would bother to look after them properly; however, it is surprising how little attention we give to them. We seem to think that a hasty scrub, morning and evening is enough — it isn't. Phaenologists and other scientists say that our teeth are direct descendants from our scales when we lived in the sea.

Teeth, nails and hair are all formed from the same substance — protein, and diet plays an essential part in their health. Phosphorus, calcium and vitamin D are most important and are contained in butter, milk, cheese, fish, fruit and vegetables whereas sugar, sweets, soft drinks and snacks, all play havoc with one's teeth — the sugar sticks to the teeth giving it time to ferment and encourages bacteria.

Apart from diet, how can we look after our teeth? The most important thing is to keep them really clean. They should be cleaned at least two or three times a day with a different brush each time to allow the

brushes to dry between times. But do you know how to clean them? Most of us use too much toothpaste and tend to think that if your mouth feels fresh from the peppermint or menthol flavoring in the toothpaste, our teeth are clean — the chances are they're not. We should brush with an up and down movement and clean a couple of teeth at a time starting at the back. Most dentists agree that electric toothbrushes are a good idea — probably because, as they work so quickly, the average two minutes we spend cleaning our teeth will be more effective than two minutes with an ordinary toothbrush.

The population of Great Britain is 55,000,000 and only about 9,000,000 toothbrushes are sold yearly.(2) All sorts of odd and peculiar things have been used for cleaning the teeth, from a mixture of pulverized dried orange peel, the ashes of burnt bread, honey, rye meal and salt to charcoal. An old fashioned recipe that I use and recommend is to mix equal parts bicarbonate of soda and salt. A friend of mine who smokes a lot swears by this recipe as it has removed all her nicotine stains.

About one-quarter of the population of England and Wales have lost all their teeth and it is incredible to think that some children as young as five have false teeth.

Unfortunately for years dentists have had a terrible reputation and some people are still so frightened of them, they would rather wait and risk

eventually having to have all their teeth removed than go for regular check-ups. Nowadays there is absolutely no reason to be scared of the dentist, with anaesthetics and tranquilizers, treatments are painless.

'To make the teeth of children grow hastily, see the hare's brain and anoint therewith the gums, and it shall make them grow without any sorrow or disease or aching.'(3) Far safer that this recipe, however, would be to take your child to an orthodontist. An orthodontist checks whether the bite is correct, the teeth are balanced or overcrowded and whether a brace is necessary. It is much easier to correct any faults in children than in adults — and braces can be uncomfortable and unattractive.

One process which is still in its experimental stage is to have all the teeth coated with plastic, this should greatly help to prevent decay. Already quite a number of dentists use it on young children.

Recent research has shown how important it is to have the tartar removed from around the teeth. If it is allowed to build up and harden, it causes tooth decay and gum infection. If your gums are bleeding and feel spongy, do please go to the dentist. It's often a gum disease and in extreme cases causes loss of teeth. Dentists remove the tartar in their six monthly routine scaling and cleaning, but now dental hygienists are doing this and thus saving the dentist's time.

If we can control tartar, we are on the way to keeping our teeth and gums healthy. Tooth picks and dental floss are a great asset and should be used in this fight against tartar. When I go to Africa, I always come back with a large supply of African tooth sticks. The Africans at the coast use them and have marvellously white

teeth. My teeth are never so clean as when I've been using them — maybe because for once I spent some time on them. I was most amused to find a toothpaste containing the 'bark of African trees' — so there really might be something in them to whiten the teeth. If African tooth sticks aren't available, I find a used match stick to rub with and it's also very good.

Tooth capping is becoming more and more used for health and cosmetic reasons. If the tooth is lost, a gold post is put into the root and a plastic or porcelain cap is attached — a post crown. If the tooth is sound, it's filed into a peg and has a 'jacket cap' fitted on to it. Although capping is still relatively expensive, (unless it is done for health reasons and then it is done on the National Health Service), I am constantly amazed to see people who are obviously beauty-conscious and spend money on clothes, and yet have discoloured misshapen teeth. I would save for years to have my teeth done, nothing is so obvious or so ageing. In fact, in a lecture on TV make-up, I was told that if someone looks too young, and brown staining is put on the teeth, it is enough to make the person look older.

Dentures have also improved — instead of the plastic ones that had to cover the roof of the mouth, there are now metal skeleton precision dentures. They are attached to the back teeth and only have bands going against the front of the roof and are consequently much comfier and cleaner.

In fact, nowadays you could have totally false teeth and no one need know — very different from the last century. Some false teeth, known as Waterloo teeth, were taken from the battlefields and it is reported that some actually rooted. There were also teeth made from very heavy porcelain and even stainless steel — imagine the shock you'd get if someone smiled and exposed a mouthful of shiny stainless steel teeth!

A certain diplomat had to have all his teeth removed and while waiting for false teeth to be made, he was lent the Ambassador's spare set. This poor diplomat had to wear them as he was expected to consider it a great honour to be lent the Ambassador's teeth.

Maybe this story and the others like it will jolt us into really looking after our teeth and visiting the dentist. ■

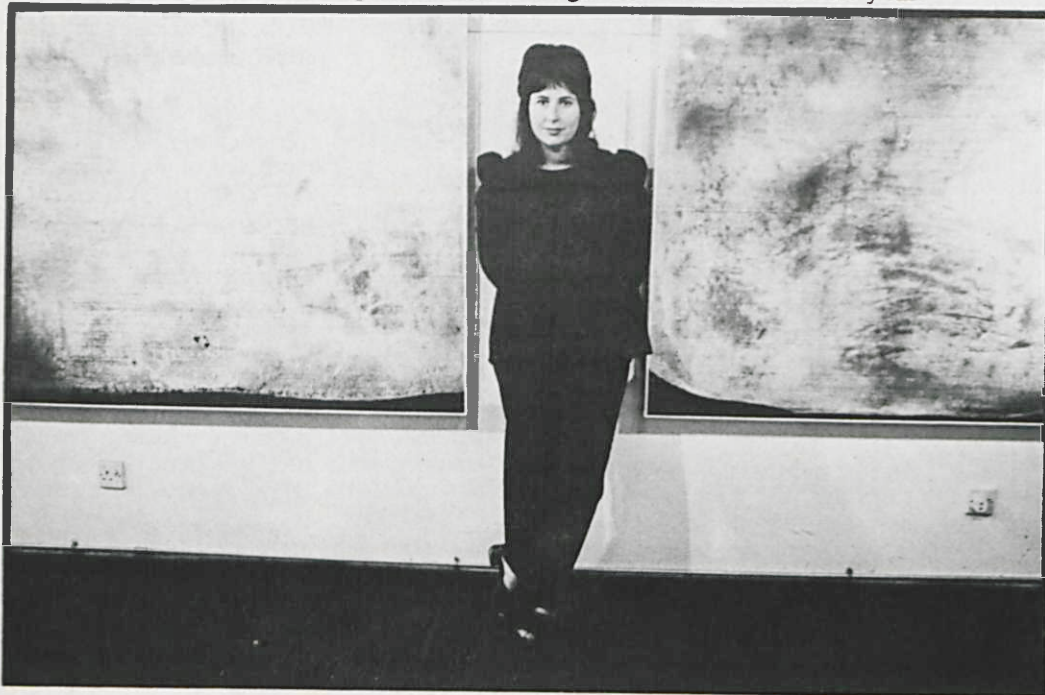
Clare Maxwell-Hudson

Spare Rib 25

The three muses

by Rosie Parker photographs by Sally Patch

An increasing number of women are opening commercial art galleries and putting an end to the notion that a woman's place is beside the gallery door looking bored and beautiful, selling catalogues. I talked to Lucy Milton, Felicity Samuel and Hester van Royen who all opened their own galleries within the last year.



Whatever your feelings may be towards geometrical abstract art and however disconcerting you found your last visit to a commercial art gallery, it is worth visiting Lucy Milton. She opened her Notting Hill gallery in October 1971 specializing in Systematic and Constructivist Art. Since then she has achieved commercial success and progressed a long way toward breaking down the sterile, foreboding, buyers only, atmosphere typical of so many galleries.

Arriving at the gallery I found her trying to convey her excitement about her exhibition to an interested but puzzled visitor. She offered us a cup of coffee and led the way up the open plan staircase to where her kitchen forms part of the gallery. The hard edged abstract reliefs and paintings on exhibition seem far more approachable hanging near the spice tins above the kitchen table.

Lucy sat down at the table and explained easily and fluently how she had come to open a gallery. 'I was lucky in having some money given me,' she said, 'and opening the gallery was more accident than anything else.'

'Once I had opened I realized the enormity of what I had done.' Her first gallery was in Beaconsfield and things were hard at first. She explained that it was not actually opening the gallery that was difficult but having the drive to keep it open. 'A lot of people do start galleries on a kind of whim . . . it's only later that it dawns on you that either you have to really buckle down and work extremely hard or else you give up.'

She was faced with learning to keep her own accounts and with filling in the vast gaps in her knowledge of modern art. Lucy had read English at Trinity College, Dublin with Art as a subsidiary subject. But, as she pointed out, courses in Art History leave you with a slim knowledge of contemporary art. So she read everything she could lay her hands on and travelled around Europe visiting artists in their studios.

Did she find it something of an ordeal to visit an artist in his studio and to attempt to talk to him about work which does not lend itself to verbalization? 'I find it slightly awkward,' Lucy agreed. 'But at the same time very exciting because you can really get inside their minds and suddenly see a whole new vista opening out to you as you look at their work and listen to the artist telling you things about it.'

She regrets that relations between artists and gallery owners have become strained in recent years. No doubt Lucy's

unfeigned excitement and enthusiasm for modern art have broken down many barriers. Nevertheless, she has to make value judgements and this inevitably alienates some people. She describes how she lies in bed at night, 'gnawing my brains out,' and thinking 'how dare I decide what to show and what not to show.' When she does reject an artist she always emphasizes that it is a purely subjective judgement and not a universal condemnation.

How does a male artist react to being accepted or rejected by a woman? Lucy seemed slightly annoyed by the question as simply asking it suggested stereotyping but she did say,

'Artists tend to be more accepting of women . . . they just question you on whether you understand what their concept is.'

But what about gallery owners? Surely they view woman as brainless but decorative gallery minders or, at best, as dirt cheap research workers. She must have experienced prejudice from them? Lucy explained patiently that in Europe most of the successful gallery owners are women. And in Britain, once people realize that you are well informed and willing to learn there is no problem. Absolutely no problem? Well yes, there were problems with right wing local councils but that was to be expected.

Lucy frequently has long chats with visitors unless they obviously want to be left to themselves. She believes that talking about art need not necessarily degenerate into meaningless pseudo-scientific terms or flowery phrases. It can stimulate people to abandon their preconceptions and to view art in a more receptive fashion. Once that occurs, she thinks art can have an enormously beneficial effect on people, 'It opens people's minds, it broadens people's ideas about themselves.'

In September she intends to start poetry readings and discussion groups in the gallery. The first discussion will be on language. It will be absolutely informal with people sitting on the floor and speakers from all branches of art and science taking part. Lucy would like to see far more cross fertilization between the various branches of the arts and between arts and science. She deeply regrets that, 'a shrinking minority of people has felt that art is their privilege and heritage and that a

vast majority of people feel that art is nothing to do with the outside world and nothing to do with them in any sense.'

How does she intend to change this state of affairs? First, she wants to create an informal atmosphere in her own gallery, 'I try to break down the fear a lot of people feel for galleries and the whole gallery system.'

Then, she wants to take her brand of contemporary art out of the gallery, out of London and into schools and museums. 'I have great belief in the artists I am showing and I feel they have to be shown in a way that will allow their work to be communicated to more people.' Towards this end, she is organizing exhibitions of individual artists in museums around the country. She is also organizing an exhibition to travel around to schools since she believes that it is most important to introduce children to art in an active and exciting fashion.

Lucy would like to see artists contributing to adventure playgrounds, studying the children's needs and designing things for them that are exciting and a bit different, like inflatables. Things which will exercise the child's imagination and simultaneously make her or him aware that they are playing with the product of someone else's imagination.

For the schools exhibition that she is organizing, four artists will show pieces which demand the child's participation in different ways. The children will be able to play with and manipulate the pieces which will simultaneously illustrate different aspects of art such as the use of colour, light or movement. She hopes that the teachers will be able to link the exhibition with other school subjects. After visiting the schools and meeting many enlightened art teachers she has great hopes for the exhibition.

Any drawbacks to running a gallery? 'Yes,' she said, 'sprinting along in the rat race does not make you like yourself very much. It's a hardening process.' The rewards? She enjoys being a catalyst, giving artists the confidence of knowing that there is someone willing to exhibit whatever they produce. Even more, she enjoys 'helping some people to gradually begin to feel what modern art is all about.'

A visit to the Lucy Milton Gallery was poor preparation for the Felicity Samuel Gallery. I arrived at 16 Saville Row expecting a similar session of chats, coffee and confidences.

The spacious outer gallery confirmed my expectations. The gallery was quiet, and deserted except for Guy Dill's glass-wood-concrete-steel constructions. Entering the gallery office was like finding Alice Cooper performing at Glyndebourne. A bewildering number of people were scurrying around, laughing, joking and drinking white wine amongst stacks of paintings and rows of cacti. Recovering from the shock I met Felicity Samuel, Antoinette Godkin and Gillian Heeley who run the gallery together. Two men were introduced as Paddy

and Tony, 'Hello. We are Felicity's sleeping partners.' (roars of laughter)

I recognized Paddy and Tony from a recent Evening Standard article. It was the species of writing that women have learned to expect from the press. The headline announced 'Jailed docker helps out a millionairess' and the article described how Tony Merrick (jailed docker) and Paddy Lovely were lending Felicity a hand in the gallery. Felicity was quoted as saying, 'Tony and Paddy are hilarious as well as being very helpful . . . they wrestle on the floor much to the amusement of everyone.' There was hardly a mention of the gallery.

'So what is Spare Rib?' somebody asked, 'a Chinese restaurant?' Shouting above the laughter, I explained that I was writing on women's experiences as gallery owners and was immediately attacked from all sides.

Antoinette, highly articulate and intelligent, opened fire gesticulating with her hands full of coordinated rings. Didn't I realize that I was propagating prejudice by writing on women? Was I suggesting that it was possible to detect a difference between art selected by men and art selected by women? Was I going to include male gallery owners in the article?

I explained that I was broadcasting the good news that, despite the fact that there are many more male owned than female owned galleries in London, women appeared to be meeting with little prejudice in the world of commercial art galleries. 'What! Are you suggesting that women need cheering and reassuring news?' She assured me that none of her friends needed that kind of encouragement.

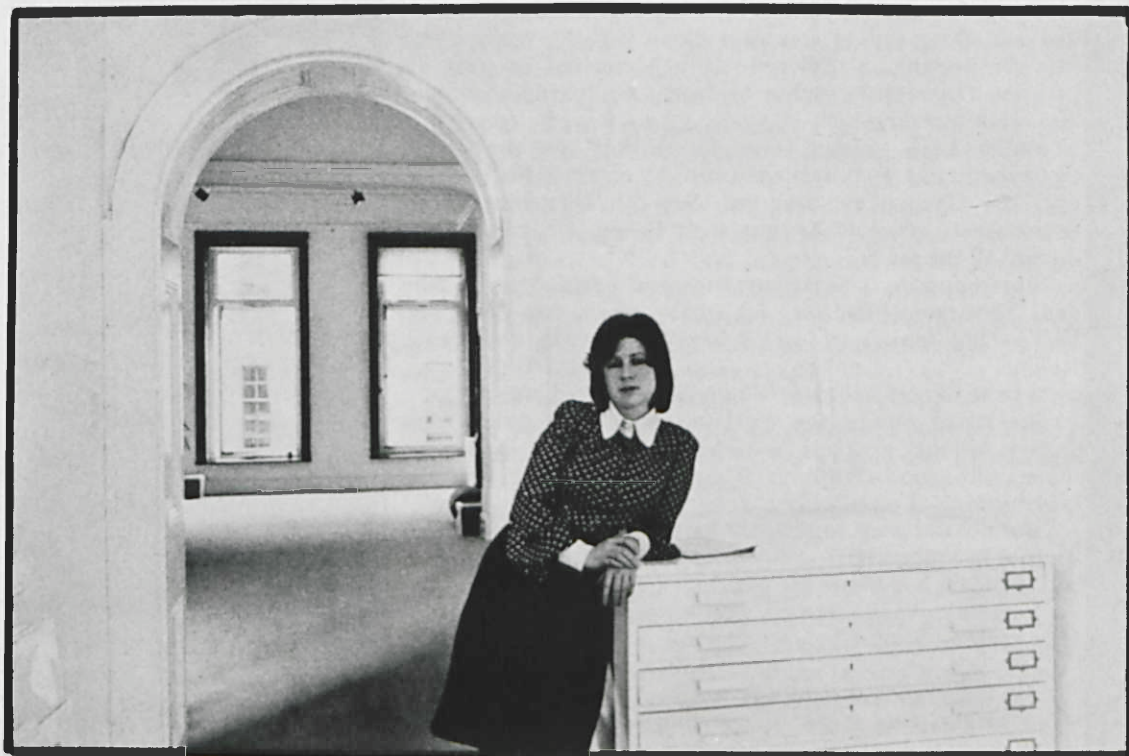
I believed her. It is a strange phenomenon that successful women often show least comprehension of the aims of Women's Liberation. They have achieved success despite women's present position in society and they are naturally reluctant to change the nature of the game they have mastered. Although they support Women's Lib to the point of equal pay they nevertheless see it as a vague threat to their position.

At this juncture somebody offered me a drink and my refusal was interpreted as criticism. Voices were raised, chairs pushed back and the interview metamorphosed into a chaotic session of hair pulling, leg pulling and laughter.

Plunging on I questioned them on their reception from other gallery owners. Felicity explained that it was a positive advantage to be a woman. Men were more likely to respond helpfully to being questioned by a woman over lunch. Did she mind utilizing the feminine stereotype? 'No,' she replied, 'I just went downstairs and found a policeman by my car. If I had been a man he would have given me a ticket.'

Remembering Lucy Milton's words, I asked them if they found working in the art market a hardening process? They

continued to page 32



'Why are you angry with Mr Harrison?' asked Dr Brownjohn. His surgery was in the Administrative Block. The walls were painted a cheerful yellow, and threw a bilious light on both their skins. Through a glass panel Eileen could see a board on which the names of long-stay psychiatric patients were prominently displayed, in accordance with Area Board rules. It was a good hospital.

'Why do you keep looking at the clock?' asked Eileen. 'Do you want the hour to be over, so you can get back to your painting?'

'No,' he said. 'Do you?'

'Yes' she said and walked out. He sat and poked at his finger nails with one of the wooden tooth picks he always carried with him, until, about five minutes later, she returned. She had made herself look pretty that day, and he said so.

'What do you want from me?' she asked, actually snarling, raising her neatly defined upper lip above white even teeth.

'Me? Nothing. Why should I?'

'Then why do you bother with me?'

'It's my job.'

'But why do the people who gave you the job care what happens to me? They don't even know me.'

'It's their job.'

'Oh hell,' she said.

'Why does me telling you that you are looking pretty upset you?'

'It implies I do not look pretty all the time,' she said, and then answered back on his behalf, in a parody of his voice, 'Oh hell.'

He laughed, and she, feeling better, condescended to answer his original question.

'I am angry with Waldo Harrison, because he is not the man I thought he was.'

'Who did you think he was?'

'I thought he was a knight in shining armour come to carry me away. He wasn't. Are you married? Do you have a nice little wife and a couple of children tucked away somewhere?'

'I am married,' he said. 'I have two children.'

'You see,' she said, 'everyone's married. What's wrong with me? Why will no-one marry me?'

'You are only twenty,' said Dr Brownjohn, 'it is not unusual to be single at that age.'

'You might as well tell me the truth. There is something wrong with me. Other girls have men queuing up to marry them. But not me.'

'You don't have to be married to be happy,' said Dr Brownjohn. He had said the same thing several times lately to his wife, when he called to visit the children. She and they had been born pale, and reproachful. At the recent and very successful patients' art exhibition he had had the good fortune to meet a vigorous and engulfing woman and now he and she lived together and his wife, as his mistress pointed out, at least had something real to complain about. Nightly, swamped by lust, Dr Brownjohn drowned; daily he revived to treat his patients. Occasionally, when he feared sanity and consciousness were deserting him, he would take a pep-pill, forget that he had, and talk too fast and too intuitively until the tears of empathy in his eyes reminded him to mistrust his instincts until the effects of the drug had worn off. Then he would be overcautious, as now he was with Eileen. He was a good doctor, all the same.

'But supposing I broke my back and couldn't walk?' she said. 'Or I went blind, or had a baby which was a monster, who would look after me? I have no parents, you know. No-one.'

'You're ill now,' he said. 'You're being looked after.'

She stared out of the window, trying to see significant shapes in the greyness outside. The weather had been unnaturally good. Now, as if to punish, fog lay over the countryside.

'But not as I want to be looked after,' she said eventually. 'I want to be looked after as a person, not a patient.'

'Then you had better get well.'

'I haven't really been ill, you know. I've been playing a little game with myself and everyone.'

'Oh yes?'

She thought of the outside world, of London, of motorways, of glittering shops, of searching in pockets for money which wasn't there, of combing her hair for parties, of her

Chapter Four

landlady's husband sitting nodding by a fire forbidden by the Council because it caused a smokey chimney, of putting shillings in meters, of barred basement windows, of other people's parties shining out into the street, of her empty bed, of her striped, lonely pillow, and thought it was better to go on being ill a little longer.

'A game I couldn't help playing,' she added, helpfully.

He yawned.

'You're paid to listen,' she said. 'I shall continue with the story of my life. Where were we? Oh yes, Chapter Four. I was living with poor Julian and Michael as their au-pair, and they had asked the Harrison's to dinner. It was a Tibetan meal. They all sat cross-legged on the floor and held bits of liver on fondue forks in boiling broth and then ate them. I sat in the kitchen slicing liver. Waldo Harrison came in for water because he'd burned his tongue on his fork, and let the door swing back into my face. So, there I was on the floor, at Waldo Harrison's feet, smeared with the liver of a new-born lamb, a sacrificial victim if ever there was one. Slaughtered on the altar of man's inhumanity to women.'

'That's how you see it, is it? Woman as the victim?'

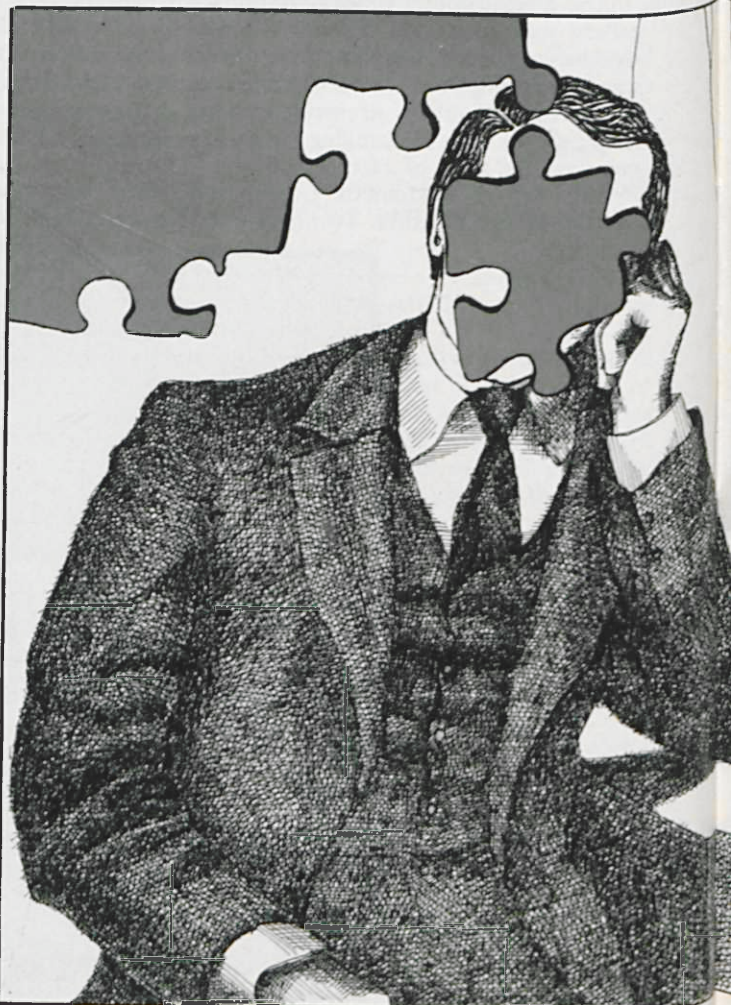
'I expressed it a little pompously but of course. Men have all the power. Women exist for them to use and abuse.'

'It doesn't occur to you that in your relationship with Michael and Julian you were in fact using them? You complain that they didn't love you. But did you love them?'

'I wanted to love them,' she said, 'very much. But love didn't enter into their scheme of things. I think Julian was quite fond of me. It was he who stepped forward to pick me up, washed my face and wiped my hands, smoothed back my hair and comforted me.'

'You talk as if you were a little girl.'

'There's nothing like a blow on the nose,' she said, 'for making the years fall away. You try it. Winnie made me come and sit down with them. She fed me pieces of cooked liver from her own fondue fork, and blew on the fork first to make sure it didn't burn me.'



by Fay Weldon

'That was kind.'

'Not really, she was only trying to embarrass the boys. She said everyone who cooked and cleaned was a valuable member of society. She found out that I slept with both of them, and fell about with laughter, while Waldo grew paler and tighter in the background. He's a very famous documentary maker, you know. I could feel him disapproving; it seemed to come from him in waves. I was very conscious of him right from the beginning. She fed me saki from her glass; I began to feel quite happy. Everyone drank rather a lot, except Waldo.'

'In the end, Winnie told him to stop sulking, and his eyes seemed to snap open, as if he saw her clearly and hated what he saw; and then they shuttered over again. I noticed; Winnie didn't. She put a piece of sticking-plaster across my nose and made me take off my bloody sweater and put on her lacy blouse but it was much too tight for me, so she took it off, and I just had to sit there feeling silly, and conscious of Waldo not looking at me. She was much too old to be behaving the way she was, poor thing. She didn't understand the domestic and everyday way Julian and Michael and me lived, even though we did share one bed. Then Waldo got fed up and walked out and Winnie leapt to her feet and flung off what remained of her clothes, crying "Thank God old sour-puss has gone" which seemed a strange way for a wife to talk about her husband. My mother never referred to my father like that. Do you think perhaps Winnie used Waldo as a conscience, and when he was gone she felt liberated, as if she had had her frontal lobes cut out? Do you do that operation any more, you psychiatrists?'

'No,' said Dr Brownjohn. 'Why do you wish to be provocative?'

'I don't. You're like Waldo was to Winnie. A great judging, condemning, know-all bore.'

'I see,' he said.

'It's very frustrating being a woman,' said Eileen, in mild apology. 'You have to wait for reactions. Sometimes, in search of them, one gets driven to excess like poor prancing Winnie.'



'You don't talk now as if you were angry with her,' said Dr Brownjohn hopefully.

'Yes, I am angry with her. She was using me.'

'You had put yourself in a position to be used. If you were sitting there naked.'

'Only from the waist up. And what sort of position was she putting herself in? Leaping round with no clothes on, all sinews and ribs like a Rembrandt drawing or the Dance Macabre at the end of Fantasia, which was the last — and indeed the first — film my mother ever took me to and frightened me out of my wits. Well, I was only five.'

'The Dance Macabre,' he said. 'What would you associate with that?'

'Nothing,' she said. 'I am not going to be drawn into irrelevant discussion about my early life, which is of no interest to anyone, least of all me. This is Chapter Four of my life and I have lost Chapter Three. I am telling you about my first encounter with the Harrisons, and especially with Winnie Harrison, who has the nerve to write a Woman's page every week for millions to read, trying to work us simple people up into a universal orgy. I would have thought you found that more interesting than my boring old past. In fact I'm sure you do. Waldo is really quite a famous man, you know, frequently mentioned in Time, and has just made his first feature film even if I did ruin the master print; and she is nothing if not a woman of influence, passing on the message of sexual freedom and the cult of orgasm to the nation's wives and mothers. They were much photographed, the pair of them. I wasn't impressed by that at all, of course.'

She fell silent.

'No?' he enquired.

'Well, to tell you the truth, I was. People who have the multitude thinking about them do collect a kind of aura. It wasn't very intense with the Harrisons — a kind of pearly 40 watt glow for her and 60 watt for him.' (I passed Mick Jagger in the street once and he was 500 watt incandescent, I promise you.) Even so, when Waldo Harrison walked out there was a noticeable dimming of the brightness, for all his wife's cavorting. I was sorry he'd gone. I was looking rather better than I had in Chapters 2 and 3 — my hair had grown longer and constant sexual intercourse is good for the complexion and figure. My spots had gone and I had a kind of pearly opalescent glow myself — it didn't come from fame, of course, but from a sense of usefulness and achievement. I had found the strength to look at myself in mirrors — all of me, not just a bit of me at a time — and what I saw was good. The truth of the matter is, Dr Brownjohn, that I like living with men. I hope it happens to me again. Though now the Harrisons have done their best to spoil me, and have driven me into a madhouse, who's going to look at me?'

'You are attractive, intelligent and more than lively,' said Dr Brownjohn. 'You will marry; you will have children, a good husband and a settled home. Why should you be deprived? It is every woman's birthright.'

'Like your wife's?' she asked. Dr Brownjohn did not reply.

'Chapter Two,' continued Eileen, firmly. 'Michael and Julian were quite upset by Winnie's behaviour, especially when she began to disrobe them, lifting the skirts of their caftans and beating them with their own beads. Michael was the first to rally — she was, after all, a client and in any case, Michael's basic attitude to sex was that it's purpose was the rendering harmless of women — and obliged her. I seized the opportunity to crawl away and search for my sweater, for I felt silly and always have, with my breasts bare and bobbing as if I was some kind of savage and knew no better.'

'Silly?' enquired Dr Brownjohn. 'To be natural?'

'There you go again, trying to change the subject. I felt I was present at the intimacies of my parents and I could not endure it. Does that satisfy you?'

'But to deny one's parents their intimacies is to deny one's own existence.'

'Shut up,' said Eileen rudely, 'while I am confessing. When I was crawling away Julian fell upon me, but only because, from beneath — or on top of Michael, or wherever she now was, Winnie kept urging him to do so. Poor Julian, he would much rather have read a book or talked about Dr Spock with Winnie. He had two little nieces and was interested in child rearing. Poor Julian.'

'Poor Eileen,' said Dr Brownjohn softly. *continued page 38*

The ads have been running in the daily papers for years; we've all seen them peering provocatively from the entertainment page: *Select an attractive girl for all occasions* and *Lithe, lively lovelies to make your evening a success*. Just what is behind this tabloid tantalization? Is it a quick way for an honest working girl to earn a few pounds and a night out on the town in exchange for acting sexy and senile, or a classy cover-up for a business offering the girls themselves as a nightcap to 'the perfect evening'? I decided to enter the world of wine, women, and money as an escort to see what I could discover.

But where to start? Bubbling enthusiasm cools to simmer as I scour the alluring ads. Misgivings are not allayed as I

dial the number of one conspicuous in its ostentation: *Gorgeous international beauties as guides and escorts for that perfect occasion*. Upon arriving at the correct Mayfair address I tread with trepidation through a temp's bureau, and with an 'O.K. gorgeous, here we go!' am greeted by Harry, who is sun-glassed ('for hay fever reasons') and has the slick, toothy smile of a used-car salesman. 'We pay £4.50 plus taxi fares for an early evening, until midnight. If the client wants to extend it longer he tells us in advance, then the girl gets an extra pound. Mostly we cater to businessmen or tourists and a usual evening is dinner and a club. But we need a photograph of you for our catalogue, which could cost anywhere from £8 to £35, depending on the quality.'

During this salespitch he is appraising me under sunglass camouflage: 1972 model, good condition. Needs a coat of polish but she might be worth the effort. He doesn't allow me to examine the catalogue closely, but briskly thumbs through photos of pert and boringly pretty girls. Is a headshot or full-length photo more lucrative? 'It all depends on the body. In your case I would definitely make it full-length,' he replies toothily. 'And may I say you're gorgeous; I'm sure you'll be swamped with bookings.' With a line like that Harry could sell a 1949 Bentley to a cowboy!

Ever frugal, I persuade the next-door photographer to take my pictures for flattery and a bottle of wine, saving a total of £34.10. Clad in hot pants and a



by Martha Turner photograph by Jenny Fleet

'and may I say you're gorgeous.'

sweater I drape myself on park benches, pout into the lens in a poor girl's imitation of Sophia Loren. Two weeks later I vamp into Harry's office, sexy photos under arm. I am given a form to complete, stating vital statistics, languages, hobbies. Am I married? Does my husband object to this work? Harry inquires whether I have done any modelling. 'Models and actresses always seem to be called first.' I reply in the affirmative as my photo joins the 70 other 'models' and 'actresses' in the catalogue. I ask if he stipulates to the clients this is for escort work only. He assures me that is firmly established from the beginning, and besides, 'All my clients are gentlemen.'

£7. For girls you can rely on entices the next ad. 'I'll bet,' I think grimly, approaching the office in deepest Soho. They shove me an 'artists' form to complete, 'Don't bother to read it, babe, just sign it,' says a man rudely. I cannot stand people who call me babe. Unlike Harry's agency the pace is all hustle, leaving the customer no time to question the service. Even my mundane inquiries are met with hostility; sneering lips spit out the pay is £2.50. I 'accidentally' knock over his catalogue, spilling out pictures of girls in scantily-clad negligees and fringed bikinis — hard, tired faces revealing too much about reality in Soho. In comparison I look amazingly young and defenceless. Where does the client meet the escort? 'We send the girl to the hotel, with a courier — usually me — to pick up the money,' the man leers. 'Oh, in the lobby'. 'No — in the man's room; it's easier to hand over the money that way,' he replies. 'But we also have a waiting room for girls who want to come in and work right away. Do you want to try your luck tonight?' I am determined to emerge with something more than indigestion from this place, so back I trudge a few hours later, full of aspirins and apprehensions.

I am told there is a man waiting to go out. 'You don't mind coloureds, do you?' Expecting Jack the Ripper with a tan I descend into the main office to be confronted with an impeccably dressed, distinguished looking South African, leaning against the sexbook showcase. Shiny shoes, brief case — all that is lacking is a monacle and top hat. Although his appearance is straight out of Bond Street his mind is right in the gutters of Soho, I discover as we trip romantically through the trash. 'I give you £15 to come to my hotel now', he pigeons-Englishes. 'And £25 if you stay the night. What you say?' I murmur something inane about discussing details later, and over dinner discreetly pump for information. Sadat, apparently, has been to this agency 3 times, and each girl accepted his offer. 'But I no offer them as much as you, darling, you are much beautiful than all of them. Sometimes girls no get paid by men afterwards; you lucky to be with me.' We have slightly different opinions of my 'luck', it seems. 'I show you good time now, you show me good time later, yes darling?' he propositions, squeezing my knee. We arrive at a luxurious restaurant-cum-opium-dén, guaranteed to

supplant western wilfulness with the essence of eastern eagerness. Visions of being sold to the white slave trade mingle with more practical ones of how to extricate myself from this predicament. Sadat is drinking vast quantities of an evil-looking brew while I carefully nurse a mint frappé, wishing westernly for a PLAN. Cabaret time approaches, and were it not for 'later' becoming 'sooner' I could easily have succumbed to the exotic atmosphere. The bejewelled announcer requests members of the audience to demonstrate a Lebanese folk dance. Through the fog of incense flashes a James Bondish brainstorm. I push Sadat into the circle, keeping a discreet four people away. Music begins, people heave, stamp and push, — there is mass chaos. I wait for the proper moment, grab my cape and 'dubki' out the door, westward bound.

I vamp into five agencies in all — from an exclusive, neo-French type in Chelsea supplying genuinely famous, beautiful models ('It's common for our clients to spend £40 an evening. There's a 60% chance of being propositioned, but all our clients are gentlemen.') to a boudoir-cum-office complete with peacock feathers and snake-tongued directress. 'You should get a wig. And your photos need to be much sexier; you look so frumpy.' (So much for my Loren imitation). 'Have some taken like this.' She brings out an 8" by 10" of a girl with strategically-placed ostrich feathers. Upon close examination the girl has a rather homely, farmgirl face, but who's going to look that far? In most cases, with the exception of the Soho agency, I could find little grounds to suspect they were not legitimate, in the sense of mainly supplying girls to be dumb and decorative, rather than as potential bedmates. The Soho agency, typically, is a professional clip joint, and not representative of the more 'respectable' agencies. In a few cases I was required to sign a 'morality statement', testifying that I would not endanger the reputation of the establishment by 'immoral conduct.' However, this was treated as a formality, more to appease the vice department than the agency.

I sit down at home to wait for the phone to ring, like girls in countless lovesick pop songs 'waitin' for my baby to call', only it is Randy Stanley rather than Billy Boy I am waiting for. I spend the intervening time turning yawns into glowing smiles and practice saying 'How fascinating! Do tell me more!' without showing boredom. I also think up eight different reasons as to why I couldn't possibly come back to his flat that night, although, yes, it has been a lovely evening, rehearsing them with synthetic graciousness. Two days later my efforts pay off. 'You're to meet Mr. Thorman in 45 minutes,' Harry exudes. 'He'll be driving a vomit-coloured (his words) Alpha Romeo.' 'Vomit-coloured Alpha,' I marvel. 'Mr. Thorman sounds like a real winner.' I frantically press my only sexy dress while applying false eyelashes. Sexy, breathless and determined to avoid a repeat performance of the Soho Saga, I

am met by a slight, balding man in his early 40's. We exchange banalities all the way to a smart French restaurant in Chelsea. Mr. Thorman, it seems, is a London stockbroker, single, affluent, and rang for an escort out of sheer curiosity. He orders quantities of white wine as I work myself into a frenzy over the stock market.

The evening is going remarkably well, with a few minor setbacks. Have you ever tried to crack a lobster claw, smile charmingly and worry about your eyelash falling into the peas at the same time? Mr. Thorman lets slip I was not his first choice — my stock dives five points. He informs me he isn't really a stockbroker but is actually a CID agent out to seduce military secrets from temps. I inform Mr. T. I am not really a temp secretary, but am actually a journalist writing an article on escort agencies for a new women's magazine. We laugh indulgently at our folly as I order the most expensive, gooiest dessert. Dinner over, I tentatively ask about further plans. He replies he hasn't made any, did I have suggestions? I reel off three films I have been dying to see; he vetoes them all. Tactfully I suggest he take me home. In the Alpha once again Mr. T. inquires whether many clients proposition me. I reply it has happened. Smiling his stockbroker's special Mr. T. states he doesn't want to disappoint me, and could we continue the evening at his flat? I embroider on Excuse No. 4 (graciously) which lasts until we politely thank each other for a delightful evening and rather shyly shake hands. We then part company, I elated at arriving home unraped, unmauled, and at 11:30, Mr. Thorman also unmauled and £22 poorer.

Then three weeks go by without any bookings, three weeks of turning down friends' invitations to eat my paulatory beans by the silent telephone. The agencies are professionally sympathetic. 'We're very slow this week; call again Monday.' 'Three weeks without a call is common, sometimes a girl gets four bookings in four days, sometimes none in two months.' There is no response from one agency at all, even though I dutifully phone for two weeks, every day. My call when it does come is at 3:00 p.m. I am to meet a doctor from Las Vegas that evening, and the agency will call back with details. I sponge wine stains from my dress and entertain visions of fillet mignon. 5:00 — stare into the mirror and rehearse 'But let's talk about you for a change.' 6:00 — turn down an invitation with a man I'd been subtly eyeing for weeks. 7:00 — think of a plot to graciously smuggle fillet mignon out of the restaurant. 7:30 — am dressed, eyelashed, famished, and fuming. 8:30 — am bitterly depressed; no response at the agency — echoing telephone rings play a forlorn duet with my hunger pangs. In the midnight hour I vow to give up journalism and go to the temp bureau by Harry's office.

Morning dawns. I call the agency to discover if there was some mistake about the previous evening. 'Oh no, there was no mistake, your gentleman came into

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replied, 'No, not in the slightest.' and added, 'We don't see ourselves as "career women".' They described the 'career woman' as a heavy, unadaptable, authoritarian figure who took her office behaviour home with her and treated her children as if they were office minions. Listening to them it occurred to me that the old accusation of 'blue stocking' which used to be levelled at women attempting to gain equal education had undergone a subtle change. Women who looked for satisfaction beyond the home were now accused of being 'career women' and forced to mask efficiency with frivolity.

Felicity and I were left alone briefly and she explained to me the policy of the gallery. They intend to show works by artists who have rarely been given the opportunity to exhibit in this country. She opened the gallery in April and until January she is presenting a series of one man shows of American West Coast 'mainstream modernists.'

Like Lucy Milton, she intends to create an inviting, stimulating atmosphere in the gallery. Unlike Lucy Milton she does not believe that this will be achieved by talking to the visitors. Enjoying art she thinks is a gut reaction which can't be put into words. Understanding of art comes from looking at works again and again. And she is happy to see that once someone discovers the gallery they do keep coming back.

What did she do before she opened the gallery? She told me that she had been unemployed and that she had enjoyed it and had felt no compulsion to justify her existence neither in her own eyes nor in the eyes of the world. In other words, opening the gallery was not merely an attempt to find something to do with her time.

So why did she open the gallery? 'It just happened.' Further questioning revealed that she spent two years preparing to open the gallery and gaining the artists' confidences. She added defensively,

'The gallery is first and foremost a business and not a way of amusing myself.'

Was it very hard work? 'Yes, we often work until eight thirty. The gallery is part of our lives and we could never look upon it as a nine to five job.'

Before we could discuss her plans for the future the others returned. Somebody whipped out a bottle of champagne from the fridge in the corner of the office. As the cork popped I abandoned the interview. I regretted that neither Felicity nor I had been able to manoeuvre a satisfactory talk because she is clearly dedicated to her gallery and the propagation of her artists' work. Perhaps our hands had been tied by the dreaded spectre of the 'career woman'.

At Hester van Royen's gallery, 152 Walton Street, I saw neither her kitchen nor her sleeping partners. There is no room in her tiny premises for anything besides the paintings on the walls and in the window. It is an easy gallery to walk into and the art she sells is easy on the eye: gouaches by Patrick Heron and Alexander Calder, drawings by Gaudier Brzeska and highly coloured woodcuts by young Dutch artists.

The gallery opened in mid-July with an exhibition of lithographs by Matisse. Why did Hester open a gallery? 'It was an accident.' Lucy had also claimed that her gallery was 'more accident than anything else' and Felicity had said that her gallery 'just happened.' It is surprising that three such decisive people could be so accident prone.

They have more in common than their accidents. They are all completely confident of their ability to judge art and of their ability as businesswomen. And they are determined to promote the art they select. Significantly, they have similar backgrounds; each comes from a secure, art collecting family. However, Hester insists that her family collecting paintings had no bearing on her decision to open a gallery. She is an independent spirit who turned down her father's offer to provide capital for her gallery, and she is sure that she would have reacted against art if she had not come to England.

She came here from Holland five years ago and stayed with the Waddingtons (of Waddington Galleries in the heart of the Bond Street circuit) while she learned English. 'One of Victor Waddington's secretaries left and he asked me if I would be

interested in helping out.' The dream which lures so many women into secretarial jobs in publishing, the BBC, etc. actually came true for Hester. She started right at the bottom of the ladder and climbed upwards to Personal Assistant to the Director and into her own gallery within four years.

Now that she is her own mistress, how will she run her gallery? She explained that it was too early to predict how the gallery would develop.

I should like to see people thinking that to have something nice on the wall is as necessary as having a good chair to sit on and as common as a cup of tea.

Did she feel, like Lucy Milton, that the image of the commercial gallery should be altered and be made more approachable? Her Bond Street apprenticeship emerged. She was shocked at the idea of a kitchen in her gallery. 'That would appear totally unprofessional.' In her opinion the great



advantage of the established commercial gallery system is that it creates an uncompromisingly professional atmosphere which gives the most diffident client confidence to buy.

Lucy and Felicity had somewhat swept the client under the carpet, emphasizing that they always welcomed the Just Lookings. Hester's clients will play a large part in the development of her gallery. 'I would like to grow with my clients. My clients are my friends and acquaintances. I could not have opened the gallery without them and I would never sell them anything I didn't like.'

Does she have any problems? Yes, this inability to sell art she dislikes. Unless she finds a happy medium between commercially viable art and her personal preferences 'it could be my downfall.'

Has she encountered any problems as a woman in the art world? None at all. 'Victor Waddington gave me complete freedom.' At least in the art world she believes that the work of women's liberation is done. 'I am totally liberated.' ■

The steel butterfly

The fashionable joke in Manila is that if Imelda runs for President, she will have to admit that she's over 40. Imelda Romualdez Marcos, wife of the President of the Philippines, is 43, and three years over the minimum age for president under the constitution.

Her other qualifications are less easy to define, except that she has charm, beauty, a singing voice, a talent for organising, and a resilience which has made her withstand seven years of constant criticism as First Lady.

A Washington journalist covering President Rutherford Hayes's inauguration in 1877 first coined the phrase "First Lady" for the President's wife, and each presidential wife has given her own interpretation of the role. Imelda Marcos combines them all, and is never called anything else but the First Lady — sometimes followed with innuendoes about the second, third and fourth ladies in the President's life. She has the cultural interests of a Jackie Kennedy, runs the beautification programme like Ladybird Johnson's, and carries out thousands of miles of goodwill tours in the style of Eleanor Roosevelt.

Ask any Filipino about her, and he will say darkly, "She runs everything — she runs him too, you know."

Yet in the Philippines, where a woman lives in the gilded cage of her home or behind the gilded grill of a night club annex, to be inspected and hired at 10 dollars a night, Mrs Marcos pays a high price for her femininity. Her miscarriage this summer knocked other news off the front pages. The personal tragedy was aggravated by the fact that she was being accused of handing out payola to the delegates who are framing a new constitution for the Philippines, replacing the presidential system for parliamentary government.

Her friends say that she lost the baby in her distress over the accusation, but others say she has a history of miscarriages. She has three children at British public schools.

She says tiredly that every time she looks at a man, he is accused of being her lover. For nothing is sacred and nothing is kept discreet in the Philippines.

When President Marcos first ran for the presidency in 1965, Mrs Marcos went with him to 1,200 towns in the 7,000 islands. At each stop, she sang a pulsating Tagalog love song, "Because of You," with all the extravagance of language which makes the Filipinos a Latin as well as an Asiatic people.

The Filipinos had found their own Kennedys, and Mrs Marcos started by playing the role of Jackie, although she asked not to be likened to the other First Lady. She also said prettily, "Politics is for men. I won't have anything to do with it."

She set about her cultural activities, little realizing how political they could be. First, she set about building her cultural centre against the backdrop of Manila Bay, begging for money from

Profile of Imelda Marcos. first lady of the Philippines by Christine Eade

Photograph courtesy of the
Philippine Embassy



foreigners so long as there was no strings attached. The United States pulled out, when it realised that it was not going to be called the Philippines-American Cultural Centre.

But Mrs Marcos went on, and today she has her £2 million for the world's top performing artists. But from there, it was only a short step to reach other forms of self-expression. She complained at the degrading standards of television programmes, and called the newspaper proprietors together to ask them to do something about their scurrilous publications. Mrs Marcos, singer, beauty queen and First Lady, had arrived in politics.

Her first official appointment was as commissioner of tourism. She tried to clean the garbage off the streets of Manila, saying that she felt ashamed to show foreigners around the streets of the capital.

A year later, a wider world became aware of Mrs Marcos, when the First Couple made their first official tour of the United States. She sang for President Johnson. She posed for Cecil Beaton. Her whole Triumph was like that of Jackie Kennedy's in Paris. And Marcos, like President Kennedy drew wry amusement out of the situation by saying: "I am wary when she is not beside me. She gets the attention. I don't."

She returned to Manila to do for the Malanang Palace what Jackie Kennedy had done for the White House. But her powers continued to expand beyond the home and the cultural centre. She launched the Green Revolution to try to make the Philippines self-sufficient in its

own agriculture. She encouraged cottage industries. She worked for rural electrification. She could even be seen handling out £1 million in school building programmes. When the floods came this summer, she organised the relief.

And, inevitably, she made a good many enemies. Congress wanted to know by what right Mrs Marcos behaved as she did. They wanted the role of the First Lady to be enshrined in the constitution now being drafted. A move to ban the Marcoses from running for office under the new constitution was defeated only by heavy abstentions.

But if the people in a plebiscite reject the new form of parliamentary government next year, and the country retains its own American-styled presidential constitution, President Marcos will be barred from running after he has completed his second term. He denies that he will run Mrs Marcos — but nobody takes denials seriously in the Philippines.

Mrs Marcos added force to the speculation herself by the world tour she made last spring. In Russia she had talks with Kosygin about the opening of diplomatic relations between their two countries. Mr Kosygin told her: "You are so business-like, yet all woman, and so feminine."

In Spain, she sought Spanish help to develop the Philippines tourist industry. In India, she re-lived memories of her honeymoon. In England, she visited her children. In Rome, she had an audience with the Pope. In Rome, also, she disgraced herself by saying that she was frightened that her jewelled finger would be cut off by bandits "Manila-style."

Congress sat impotent and furious. Some demanded that she should explain her actions before a Senate Committee. The acting foreign secretary, Manuel Collantes, defended her, saying: "The First Lady can perform functions more effectively than any Filipino diplomat."

On her return in April, she gave the broadest hint that she wanted to be president, when she said: "I think what the people need now is a compassionate leader. As a woman, I have the tendency to follow the dictates of the heart, rather than of reason. I guess this will be my pitfall."

The President still will not commit himself about his wife's chances. He says he will do anything to fight Communism, and he considers the leader of the opposition Liberal Party, Sen. Benigno Aquino, soft on Communists.

Meanwhile, Mrs Marcos refuses to answer questions about the payola scandal, her miscarriage or her presidential aspirations. She has moved on to the hot political issue of rising food prices. She has lately been seen in the markets, refusing to answer questions, but saying: "I have to check on the cost of vegetables, meat and fish, and ask the vendors why this is so, and report to the appropriate agencies."

How long, confused Filipinos ask themselves, will it be before Mrs Marcos, herself, is the appropriate agency? ■

Women's film festival

How many women film makers can you think of? Does it matter anyway? It is not until you see a commercial film directed by a woman that you fully realise that a female consciousness really does make for different movies. There have been quite a few films made by women since the industry began but they are very rarely shown. It wasn't until Lynda Myles organised the week-long Women's Film Festival at Edinburgh that many people had a chance to see some of them. It was the first festival in Europe and several men tried to argue that a women's film festival wasn't necessary — films were made by *people*. However, watching the films it was clear that women do have a distinctly different viewpoint to express, not just in obvious gems like the heroine asking the playboy 'what's a nice guy like you doing in a place like this?', but in the self-possessed women who replace the cardboard cyphers usually presented as women on the silver screen. The films were popular too, with Film House in Edinburgh packed night after night with a mixed audience. Some of the films were so amazing the cinema audience was left laughing and cheering, especially after a scene in which a night-club dancer turns on her drunken, hissing spectators and denounces them at length as pathetic voyeurs.

That scene was in Dorothy Arzner's film 'DANCE, GIRL, DANCE' made back in the Thirties when she was the only woman director working in Hollywood. The book and the film-script were by women too, and it shows in their marvelous story about eight determined dancing girls who struggle to make a living in various revues and vaudeville

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the office, and while he was here chose someone else,' I am cruelly informed. 'It happens frequently. In this business you take your chances.' I glue together the pieces of my shattered confidence, and come to final conclusions about escort work. If a woman doesn't mind being treated like a piece of sale merchandise, to be evaluated, handled, and discarded at the customer's fancy, then this type of work is appealing, even profitable. In return she receives a ritzy dinner, enough compliments to bolster the morale for weeks and, as long as she avoids Soho, little danger of bodily harm. However, as with most items on sale, the quality is inferior and marred with flaws. Superficial pleasure abounds, but how lasting can it be once the polish and lustre wear off? If, however, a woman is more concerned with sincerity than sensation, individuality than impression, and desires to be treated as a human being instead of a plastic wind-up doll, I suggest she sticks to the cinema ads on the entertainment page.

shows. There are some interesting reversals in the story, for instance the handsome hero is a playboy who never works but is valued for his good looks. Although the girls argue they are never really divided and always try to help each other. It's a tremendous film — very funny and warm — don't miss it.

Germaine Dulac was a great feminist. Her silent film made in Paris in 1922 — 50 years ago — 'THE SMILING MADAME BEUDET' is a brilliantly observed study of marriage; the wife, oppressed, living a secret fantasy life — the husband a tyrannical master. The images she uses are instantly recognisable even today.

'THREE LIVES' was one of the most interesting non-commercial films shown. Made by Kate Millett and other women in the Movement it is simply three women talking in depth about their lives. For instance, the first woman vividly explains how she came to realise that her identity was being crushed by her dependence on her husband and how she left him in order to control her own life. Like many of the independently-made movies it ignored cinematic techniques and effects — it made the subject matter take precedence over artistic creativity.

Much of 'A WOMAN'S PLACE', a documentary about the Movement in this country was filmed by men. It includes some very unsympathetic interviewing, confuses the issues of the women's movement but it does highlight the difference of approach between men and women filmmakers. However the Women's Liberation demonstration of March 71 is faithfully recorded, snow and all. Seeing the Street Theatre Troupe dancing to that amazing song 'Keep young and beautiful' again and recalling the enjoyment and determination generated by that march is really worthwhile.

Two radically different ways of treating political subjects were 'WOMEN AGAINST THE BILL' and 'THE LENIN GANG'. 'The Lenin Gang' is a strange comedy from Denmark in which Lenin performs crazy songs and dances as he travels across Europe in a sealed train. A German general has a passion for dancing in his office and playing dice, whilst a variety of strange, feminine women throw bombs and decorate this zany story. Made by Kirsten Stenbaek it is funny but a bit too long, and succeeded in annoying a lot of women with its silliness and the likelihood that it would reinforce the beliefs of those who thought women's films would always be giggly and kooky. 'Women Against The Bill', on the other hand, simply presents a group of working women who explain their opposition to the then Industrial Relations Bill. It is a campaigning film, financed by the ACTT, and it is always cheering to hear women so determined and articulate.

Although it was a Women's Film Festival 'Three Lives' was the only film made *entirely* by women; that is to say the sound recordist, camera operator and other technicians were female. All the films shown had female directors and usually female script-writers, but the rest of the workers were men. This reflects

the state of the industry all over the world so when we, as the London Women's Film Group, were offered the chance to film for BBC 2's Film Night we leapt at the opportunity. We aimed to get as much propaganda value out of our ten minutes as possible and planned, collectively, to show our all-female crew at work to dispel the still firmly-held belief that women are not capable of using heavy technical equipment. Several of the women at the Festival, including Laura Mulvey and Claire Johnston — joint organisers of the Event, talked to camera about the purpose of the festival and introduced a cross-section of clips from the films.

Another useful aspect of the Festival was two seminars planned so that women attending the films could meet and discuss the ideas raised during the week. Two of the main areas of discussion were: what are films made for and how are they made. It was suggested that there were, broadly, two different types of film-making — the commercial one with women's consciousness implicit but never overt, as in 'Dirty Mary', and the explicitly political as with 'THE FAKENHAM FILM' by Sue Shapiro and Socialist Woman. The aim of films like 'The Fakenham Film' and 'Women Talking' is to inform rather than entertain the groups of women for whom they are primarily intended and stimulate discussion. This is a totally different use of film from the conventional 'going to the cinema'; the film is used as a tool rather than an end in itself.

Film companies are usually very hierarchical and autocratic, with the director in total command of the set and the workers. This was felt to be a clearly unacceptable way of working by the women at the seminar and different methods of democratic, collective working were suggested. Someone said that the end never justifies the means but there was some disagreement as to whether a film, or any art object, should be judged on its own merit regardless of the oppression that went into its making.

Women filmmakers got another chance to air their views when they took part in a programme for STV. For seventeen minutes they had the Box to themselves to talk about the films at the Festival and the exclusion of women from the industry. Talking to the TV crew was illuminating, especially listening to the floor manager explain that 'all the time you were in the studio my stomach was churning; I felt sick'. Later, in the hospitality room, he realised 'when there's a group of women in a room like this it frightens me'. This is the sort of attitude women are up against!

When writing was a new process men kept it to themselves, often only monks could write, and women were denied any education at all. Now men are trying to keep cinematography to themselves but this time we are not waiting till they decide it is safe for us to learn.

This report was written collectively by MEMBERS OF THE LONDON WOMEN'S FILM GROUP.

films



The Harder They Come — Gaumont, Notting Hill

The Harder They Come is Jamaica's first full-length feature film. Drawing from the exploits of a real-life character in Jamaica in the 50's who, on the run from the police, used to scrawl 'I was here but I disappear' over the hoardings of West Kingston even to the wall outside the police station, Perry Henzell, its producer/director and co-writer has produced a true modern outlaw folk hero — Ivanhoe Martin (Jimmy Cliff perfect — hopelessly vulnerable yet capable of that mindless media-made violence, in his first acting role) — child of the media.

Ivan, a country boy come to the big city to make it as a reggae singer — the ultimate dream, confronts the monopoly recording scene of Mr. Hilton who can make or break a record, artist, and by extension — individual. — 'The people don't make the hits, I make the hits, I tell the DJs what to play.' Blacklisted by Hilton as a trouble-maker — 'That don't sound right' says Ivan on being offered \$20 for his record — he drifts into the Ganga (grass) trade through a pusher friend, but again, his alert mind and native intelligence tells him something is wrong with the economics of the trade, someone, somewhere is getting a very large cut. Betrayed by the pusher, again as a trouble-maker, to the police (who control the trade), Ivan goes on the run and devising a series of brilliant PR moves — calling newspapers, sending photos to them, calling radio stations where they are interminably playing his record — Hilton to police chief who asks him to cut off the disc — 'Tell you what, when you catch him, let me know so I can get one more record out of him before you string him up' — he becomes a star criminal — a folk hero, he is living out everybody's fantasy dream of bucking that system which they know so well keeps them

down (just listen to the reggae lyrics and you'll see the awareness). Eventually he dies in a fantasy/reality shoot-out with the police.

Should he have escaped — towards hope, carrier, of the message, of the possibilities for continuing the fight, beating that monopolistic controlling system that he, totally inadvertently had come up against, beating his head against its brick wall? No, said Henzell. He had to lose, his fight was in an unplanned vacuum, in a fantasy land, his imagination was both let loose and limited, controlled by his being totally a child of the media. The real fight must be through reality, hard solid sustained work 'on the spot'.

So Perry Henzell is very much a political animal, and this is very much a political film, yet absolutely un-didactic. Every aspect of it, every scene, every verbal exchange, every glance, builds up to an overall social/political picture of Jamaica and, more specifically, of West Kingston. The slums of West Kingston weren't just a loca-

reviews

tion for The Harder They Come, they gave it birth and they gave it life.

This is the ultimate grass roots film. There are — *can there be* (?), fifty-one Shaft-type Hollywood films making the rounds in the States at the moment, each as plastic and two-dimensional as the other.

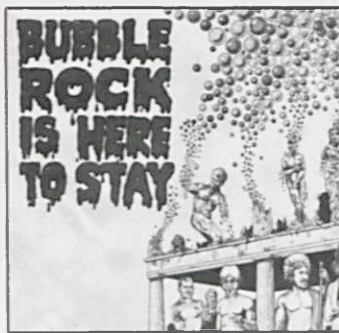
You may find difficulty in understanding all the dialogue despite the subtitles, but then, you wouldn't understand all you heard and saw in Jamaica first time round anyway. I hope the makers don't do what they threatened and put a load more subtitles in to *explain* it more to us. It's a film you read anyway as well as experience, through images, moods, gestures.

Perry Henzell has such a lot to say about Jamaica, about life, and he's given us quite a chunk of this, his first film. I look forward to his second.

PS: There's an album too — real reggae, not the bubble-gum shit you are fed on the radio!

Teresa Topolski

music



Bubble Rock is Here to Stay UK Records Jonathan King

'There is no artiste on this album, the songs are the stars' says the last line of the cover notes. When asked if he performs on the record, Jonathan King says 'there is no artiste on this album, the songs are the stars'. He does at least admit producing the record.

The album opens with a more than unusual version of the Rolling Stones' 'Satisfaction' with a thin 'country' voice and big orchestra (that may sound horrible but somehow it just works) and continues throughout with totally new and dif-

ferent arrangements of well known rock 'n roll/pop numbers. 'Mr. Tambourine Man', for instance, done with fifteen tambourines and strings (one of the tracks that miss) and that awful old hit 'It's my party (and I'll cry if I want to)' done 'gay and heavy' (is Jonathan trying to tell us something?)

He says he's made this record simply because he was bored with listening to the original versions but still wanted to hear the songs. So he did them 'in a way they've never been done before'. There's a version of another terrible old hit 'Rock Around the Clock' which may revive that terrible old dance craze, the waltz. And there's 'Twist and Shout' sounding a little uncomfortable when played by a string quartet.

Songs for Women's Liberation Femme Records Ruth Batchelor

(For copies send US\$5.00 to Femme Records, PO Box 548, F.D.R. Station, New York, 10022)

If Jonathan King did record Germaine Greer, he wouldn't produce a record as naive as this. It's surprising there isn't a self-igniting bra given free with each album.

The question is not whether there's a place for this sort of record in the Women's Movement, but whether there's a place for this type of record in *any* movement (or whether any movement could survive with it!) An album of 'Songs for Women's Liberation' is about as relevant as putting out 'Songs for Seventh Day Adventists' or 'Songs for Swinging Revolutionaries', and just about as useful.

There is a place for political songs. 'We Shall Overcome' or even 'Give Peace a Chance' have shown that. But they have to be truly special songs and anyway, they have a limited usefulness as either anthems or attempts to convert people. This album fails in both cases — none of the songs is strong enough to be adopted as an anthem, and, labelled as it is, the record is unlikely to reach any but the already converted. For propaganda to succeed it must be subtle and inside mainstream culture. And to be really successful it would help if it were enjoyable.

Ruth Batchelor's voice is sweet and some of her melodies are pretty. The lyrics occasionally show some talent although the arrangements are very ordinary.

But as sympathetic as one tries to be, one is reminded of that old joke 'If the revolution means music like this, let's lose.'

Carmel Koerber

The Crazy Comic Conflict

by
Crescy Cannon

Girl's comics like Judy, Mandy, Bunty, and Princess Tina articulate the conflict between the masculine independence a girl may have as a child, and the increasing pressures to be feminine as adolescence looms nearer. The yielding character triumphs under the onslaught of the romance ethic in the adolescent love comics and magazines. The substance of many stories is the conflicting roles of the pre-adolescent girl — girls brought up as boys, or taking a maternal or protective role through circumstances beyond their control: 'Twelve year old Pat Marlow lived with her widowed father who treated her more like the son he had always wished for. He made Pat wear boyish clothes and work in his garage after school. Secretly Pat stole two china dogs and used the money to buy back Clara, a beloved doll which had once belonged to her grandmother. When Pat's father found out, he was so angry that Pat became frightened and ran away.' Pat spends the night under the railway arches and in the park, cold, hungry and penniless. Her friend Amanda finds her: 'Pat! What are you doing here? You look awful! I wondered why you didn't come back to school yesterday.' Pat: 'I've run away! Dad found out about Clara, and he — he threatened to smash her up, and — and beat me for deceiving him!' (Judy)

The adult world is full of terror and violence and no-one can be trusted. The message is given again in the same issue of *Judy*: 'Penny Perkins was starting a career as a singer. An agent named Mrs Miriam Judd promised to make her a star, but Penny had been tricked into signing a contract that gave most of her earnings to Mrs Judd.' Penny seems to be quite powerless in the face of Mrs Judd's blackmail — the solution is to come through a resourceful girlfriend rather than a legal expert. Nowhere is there any mention of bodies or people that you can get help from when in trouble, like social workers, teachers, Citizens Advice Bureaux, NCCL, the Police. Intolerable family situations occur in every single issue of these comics, yet there is no suggestion of what to do for example if your father is beating you up; instead the heroine tends to wander off alone, perhaps joining a band of gypsies, and the solution will occur through a miraculous series of coincidences and luck. The message is the powerlessness of the individual and the dubious motives of all adults — which meshes with the passivity of the feminine character and the irrational fears which many women carry over into adulthood.



Very often it is simply the difficulties of the feminine role that form the basis of the stories — whether humorous like 'Beryl the Peril', 'Minnie the Minx', and 'Mighty Mo', or on a 'serious' level in the numerous stories where the heroine must assume the maternal role in her family, or a protective role to a band of orphans or a pet animal. In such stories the heroines take the emotional strain to protect the others; perhaps she shares with dad the knowledge of imminent eviction or poverty and she will work at keeping up a cheerful pretence to the younger brothers and sisters.

In the humorous series about the problems of being feminine, the female role is successfully debunked, but the heroine remains a ludicrous character. The girl being masculine, or rather grossly unfeminine, cannot be taken seriously — quite realistically for such a girl is of course too deviant, not a character to be aspired to or imitated. But again the interesting thing is not so much the final solution to the role problem, but the fact that over and over again, on both the serious and humorous levels, the feminine role is in itself sufficiently problematic to provide the basis for most of the material in this range of comics. Their very success indicates the extent to which girls find them meaningful. In this respect girls' comics differ fundamentally from boys', for they are more than just feminine versions of adventure stories, they are basically concerned with femininity itself.

A typical plot is about a girl with a talent for sport or ballet which she is forced to renounce because of family problems, and who has to take the role of mother to her younger brothers and sisters. A sort of vicarious rehearsal for the future. That there is usually a fairy godmother figure who effects the fulfillment of the ambition in spite of all expectations emphasises the conflict between the desire or fantasy, and the

reality of encroaching domestic demands on girls as they grow up. The cloud of problems, threats, malice and frustration, is a general background to these stories. People cannot be trusted. Imprisonment and slavery, and the enforced assumption of the maternal or protective role, come in many forms — a jealous girl in the form, a band of thieves, kidnappers, wicked stepmothers, innocent victims of frame-ups — and represent a recognisable loss of independence to girls who, even before early marriage, are expected to take a large share in the running of the home and family to the inevitable exclusion of their own interests.

The inevitable boarding school stories are a setting for the parade of masculine women almost or completely in male attire. 'Bunty's' 'Tommy the Tomboy' is about 'Carol Lawson (who) inherited Claremont College, a broken-down school. She decided that the only way to keep it going was to offer to teach anybody anything. Carol saw a new client arrive one day . . . The client is dressed in tweeds and brogues, with a bow-tie, and getting out of the taxi says, 'I don't need your arm my good fellow! I am perfectly capable of getting out of a taxi unaided . . . I am Mrs Ponsonby, and this is my daughter, Tommy! I want you to teach her to be a man! . . . I am the secretary of the F.F.F., the Feminine Freedom Fighters! It's a man's world, but we are working for equality for women. And the only way is for women to be the same as men, able to take over all their jobs! That is how Tommy is to be trained . . . Tommy: 'All right, mother, sorry, I keep forgetting you don't like me calling you that! Goodbye, Ponsonby! (to Carol Lawson) I'm not sure I want to be a man, and my name's Thomasina, not Tommy.' Tommy learns to behave in a completely masculine way, but is frightened of mice. One day Ponsonby returns but is horrified to see how masculine Tommy has become because, 'your great-uncle Edwin has died! He's left us a fortune in his will, but only on condition that I haven't imposed my ideas on you!



The will says you must have been brought up as a really feminine female!' Carol: 'Come on Tommy, the first thing is a frilly dress!' As Tommy cannot be feminised in time to meet the solicitor, who comments on her 'strong-grip' when she shakes hands, Carols resorts to a ruse, and lets a mouse into the room so that Tommy screams. Solicitor: 'It's all right,

Thomasina. I've got rid of it! I must confess I had doubts, but that was really feminine behaviour! I like an old-fashioned girl who needs masculine protection!

significantly located in a man, head-mistress Miss Beaumont feels '... so free and happy' and 'that's why we always call this place... Freedom Island.' responds an adoring pupil.

about your sister.

Interestingly, while the family troubles are often shown fairly realistically, or at least recognisably, school conflicts are denied because school stories take place in ideal schools. The 'Bash Street Kids' continues to be fairly unique in its unequivocal rejection of all that school stands for. Given a working class readership, boarding schools are quite outside reality. In these ideal all-female communities, the role problem is to all intents and purposes solved, for the absence of boys and men removes the need for sex roles, since the female role is defined by its relation to the male.



Another masculine lady is Captain Annie of the 'New Sensation'(!), 'a showboat which sailed the Ohio river in the 1830's'. Captain Annie presides over the male crew in uniform, and the heroine of the story, Orphan Belle Kelly, 'sure feels a dope' on the occasion when she dons female clothing. ('Judy'). Potential games mistresses abound, for example, 'Bunty's' 'Peggy the Promette' who 'was a member of the Whitesands Promettes, a group of girls employed by the Whitesands Corporation to give help and advice to summer visitors.' She and her friend Nan, in contrast to most heroines who tend towards the bouffant hair and pouting lips of the adolescent love comics, are both exceptionally plainly dressed in sensible jumpers, one in a below-the-knee box-pleated skirt, and both with regulation hair do's. The point being that these capable girls who row out to sea to help out an old salt with lumbago, and find the tide has turned and is sweeping them out to sea, show not a vestige of femininity. That toughness and prettiness do not go together would seem to be the message here. And it is all too easy to forget as we get older just how familiar to the schoolgirl are tough ladies of curious taste in dress.

Quite correctly then, the two authority structures are the school and the family. The wicked step-mother displaces aggression to one's own mother and her demands on one's time and loyalty or affection. Situations of acute family misery, and real emotional suffering and loneliness are frequent in these comics. In



'Princess Tina's' 'Patty's World', Patty gets a letter from her friend Sharon... 'it's such a misery here! Mum does nothing but cry all day long 'cos dad's left her, and Aunt Edie tells her to buck up and then they quarrel...' Patty: 'Oh, poor Sharon. I must go and see her right away!' Mum: 'Not so fast, young lady! There's unpacking to do first!' Dad: 'And I wouldn't mind a hand with the lawnmower, tackling that jungle out there!' Patty: 'But, crumbs, can't those unimportant things wait?' Mum: 'Oh, for heavens sake, Patty! Must you always be so difficult every time anyone asks you to do something?' Dad: 'Try not to upset your mum, love. She's pretty anxious

Heroines who aren't at school usually work in totally unrealistic jobs, either 'glamorous' or 'enterprising'. Jobs only provide a background to adventures, as in the adolescent love comics they are a setting for romance. They are neither interesting in themselves, nor boring: 'Briony Andrews was a junior designer with Parkertex, a big London fashion firm'; 'Ross - Student Nurse'; 'Jeff the Demon King' is told from the male point of view and is about office life on a trendy new magazine (Princess Tina). 'Bunty's' 'Emergency 666' is about 'Sixteen-year-old Sally Stevens (who) had set up in business on her own as an emergency helper. She was ready to go anywhere and do anything to help clients at a moment's notice.' Her initiative is rewarded, and having solved the mystery of why Linda Dearden's pony Pepper throws her every time she mounts him and endangers her chances in the gymkhana, Sally welcomes 'a nice cheque from Mrs Dearden, and a newspaper cutting from Linda - 'First Prize in the under-fourteen jumping event: Miss Linda Dearden, riding Pepper'. I'm so glad. This makes me feel Emergency Six-Six-Six really is a business worth running!' 'Tina the Tester' is about 'Tina Roberts (who) worked for a firm that tested products before they went on sale, to ensure they came up to the manufacturers' claims for them'. And, inevitably, 'Rose Budd - Model Girl'.

None of these are 'real' jobs as far as the readers are concerned, they cannot provide a model for a girl worried about her future. In fact while family and role conflicts of the pre-adolescent are recognisably articulated, the future remains quite blank - a vacuum that will in adolescence be filled by the comics dedicated to romance. ■

But the all-female community is not necessarily represented as butch, indeed it may be quite the opposite. Such a world must be outside society and is most easily set in a boarding school situation. 'Princess Tina' has every girl's dream school - Fortuna Island - a tropical island with a beautiful headmistress, where very little in the way of work seems to get done except trapping the new games master as he goes about threatening the headmistress. When the mystery is solved,



Chapter Four

continued from page 29

'Certainly not,' she spoke sharply. 'Not poor Eileen at all. There's nothing wrong with sex. Everyone keeps saying so. It's normal, natural and healthy and why shouldn't one enjoy oneself?'

'If you were.'

'Well of course I was, you silly old puritan goat.'

Dr Brownjohn raised his eyebrows.

'I know all about you,' she said darkly. He thought that was improbable.

'Of course I enjoyed it,' she repeated. 'It was very exciting, or would have been if only I was capable of enjoyment. And if only Winnie Harrison had been some marvellous randy old peasant woman all drenched in grapejuice and hot sun, and if only we'd all been totally different people. It was all Winnie Harrison's fault. I'm glad I put diuretics in her tea and dried her out a bit, even if it did land me in here. That and the master-tape mangling. But then I began to worry, as we lay there, all mixed-up, that if I got pregnant I would have no idea whose it was, and what if it was Winnie's?'

'You took no contraceptive precautions?'

'No. I think it was only in Chapter Four that it began to dawn on me that I was female. I'd been thinking I was still a child and neither one thing or the other, neither male nor female. Though another part of me knew I was female but thought there was something so extraordinarily wrong with me that I couldn't possibly ever get pregnant.'

'But you were to discover differently?'

'Yes, but that comes later. Chapter Five.'

'Your mother had an abortion, I believe you said. When you were three.'

'I may have said it. If so I was making it up. How would a child of three know about things like that?'

'You told me she did.'

'I don't want to talk about it. The thought of Winnie as the father of my child really shook me, so I pushed away everyone's limbs, mouths, fingers, toes, or whatever, and rolled away, and in so doing spilt the cabbage broth so there was a great sizzling noise as the greasy soup hit the charcoal, and clouds of steam, and I remembered hell again and purgatory and limbo as if I were back in Chapter One — but you're out of sympathy with religious interpretations, aren't you — and poor Michael's stain-resistant foam rubber floor was greasier and smellier than ever. I forgot my nakedness and flew to the kitchen for hot water, soap, cloth and brush and set to work, cleaning up. Winnie, I remember, sat up and stared. I must have made something of an impression because the next morning she rang up and asked me to be her char.'

'Good God,' said Dr Brownjohn before he could stop himself.

'God he may be, good I doubt,' she replied, automatically. 'And Waldo Harrison rang me too and said he was worried about me. So you see it was quite a successful evening, and even Winnie Harrison went away looking pleased; and when she looked up at Michael and Julian and shook their hands and said goodbye, her eyes were soft and hopeful as a child. Or like the child I should have been, but never was.'

'What do you mean by that?'

'Always jumping on me,' she complained. 'I can't say a thing but you see some significance in it. There is nothing wrong with me except the Harrison's gave me the run-around. And what do you know about anything? Everyone knows how getting your picture in the paper and going on TV went to your head, and how you left your wife and deserted your children. And now you live in sin with a fat black scarlet woman while your poor deceived family struggles to pay the rent. And how you take drugs and neglect your patients while you express your artistic leanings using National Health paints to which you have no right, and have been behaving so oddly one can only conclude you are on the verge of a breakdown yourself, and that we, the patients, ought to be warned what manner of man you are.'

Dr Brownjohn stopped cleaning his nails. His hands lay still from shock.

'I am quoting your wife,' said Eileen. 'She posted this open

letter to you on all the wards, yesterday. Didn't you know? Our charge nurse took it down but too late. We'd all read it. Those of us who can read, anyway. Don't look like that. Perhaps I shouldn't have said anything. I don't suppose it will mean much to anyone: I expect we'll all come to think it's just another of those strange things we imagine. Where are you going? It's nowhere near eleven.'

Dr Brownjohn paused on his way out. He opened the door of the clock on the wall and moved the hands forward from ten-thirty-five to eleven. Otherwise he seemed to have forgotten she was there.

Eileen went off to the Art Therapy room to find Young Gilbert, who was wearing a pale pink shirt and paler blue jeans and doing a jigsaw puzzle.

'How can they expect us to get better,' she said 'if they're so immoral? As for you, Young Gilbert,' she said, 'old disgusting Gilbert, you're worse than anyone!' And she swept the myriad pieces of the jigsaw to the ground. Patiently and kindly he picked them all up, one by one. Eileen, remorseful, helped him, finding bits of sky and diesel engine under radiators, a piece of millwheel wedged beneath the foot of the easel, and one of the important leafy corners already drifting under a linotile.

It is something to be able to feel remorse — in fact it is a great deal. It is perhaps the highest we can any of us aspire to, since we will certainly not be able to live our lives altogether without blame, nor know till afterwards that this has been the case. It was this quality in Eileen, this capacity for remorse, which gave Dr Brownjohn such high hopes of her; though she, alas, did not afford the same mercy towards him.

And she, after all, had another twelve chapters to go until her end, and he only another ten. ■

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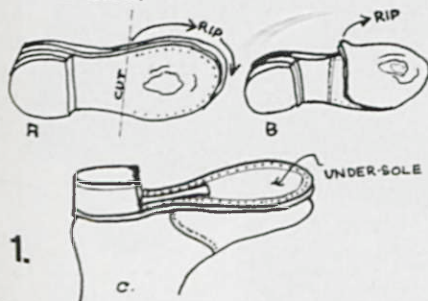
shoe repairs and leather work.

When I originally set off to unearth the mysteries and intricacies of shoe repairing and leather craft, it was exciting and those leather shops smelt so good. However, I gradually began to discover that I was not to have an easy journey.

Having been rudely repulsed from 1/2 a dozen shoe repairers, refused entry to shoe manufacturers and even denied information on equipment (unless there was a free ad in it for them), I began to suspect that shoe repairing and leather craft can NOT be that difficult or they would not be so paranoid about allowing me and you the information. Many of the modern shoes today are virtually unrepairable by hand owing to the elements of plastic, cork, crepe, and rubber welding. ie, plastic hollow heels cannot be nailed on by you (glue doesn't hold them), plastic uppers cannot be re-stitched, they just tear. Very few repair shops will touch worn down crepe soles. As a result, when we buy shoes containing elements of plastic, cork, crepe, we are at the same time, guaranteeing ourselves either considerable extra expenditure on repairs, or that the shoes will collapse quickly and be unrepairable (as in plastic).

A good pair of leather shoes, preferably with leather soles, can be repaired simply, cheaply, and by you. They will save you a lot of money in the long run as they will really last.

The most usual repair problem is worn down soles & heels. A good tip is to add an extra 'repair' sole, leather or rubber, to a NEW pair of shoes before you wear them, especially if the existing sole looks flimsy. In this way, the wear is on the extra sole, not on the main one which is part of the structure, and wear on that damages the whole shape of the shoe.



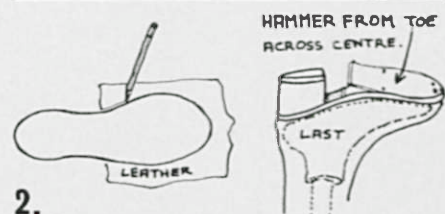
SOLES

Start by ripping off the worn sole (Fig 1). If it is very worn, take it right back to the base of the heel. (Be careful not to cut too deep). If it is an added sole, lever off with a screwdriver, avoiding taking off part of the under-sole too. Do all this work on a metal last. If it is a plastic shoe/sole, it is likely to be welded on so don't try to get it off. Go over the undersole with a rasp to obtain a smooth surface. Place the old sole or shoe on your new piece of sole leather or rubber. Mark round it, and cut 1/8" outside your line, and trim off the extra later. If it is a leather sole, soak in water for 10 mins then place on the last and tap with a hammer quickly from the center outwards to make the sole pliable and slightly concave to fit your shoe. If using shoe tacks you must work on a last. Start by

SPARE PARTS

tapping them in at the toe & waist. Check inside that they are clinching the insole or you'll have tacks between your toes. Then carefully tap in the tacks about 1/2" from the edge of your sole all round (Fig.2) I have found that a good latex adhesive, used correctly, is just as efficient with only a couple of tacks at toe and waist.

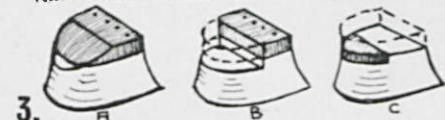
Recommended: Latex Adhesive such as GRIPSOTEX (1/2 litre for 25p), or FOSSIFIX, if you can get it. For rubber to rubber or leather: GRIPSO. (1/2 litre for 20p)



2.

Place your shoe on the last and hammer carefully but firmly from the centre out, to get rid of any bumps or air bubbles. Trim off excess new sole, without taking off any of the original undersole. Do this with a 'hawkbill' knife (illustrated in Fig 5). Smooth off your edges with glass paper then stain to colour of shoe and wax, or just wax with shoe cream to match your shoe, and a touch of floor polish will help for weatherproofing.

REPAIRING BADLY WORN DOWN HEEL.

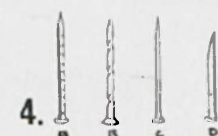


3.

HEELS

The method of repair is very similar to that resoling, but use heel nails, brads, or tacks.

If you have worn down the heel as well as sole (Fig 3A), then rip off the old heel sole, and either cut down the heel till flat therefore losing a bit of height, or cut out worn down section and insert a half heel, and then cover over with a complete heel (Fig 3C). I recommend both glue and heel tacks and some firm hammering on the last. Trim off and treat as in resoling.



4.

A-Nails for wooden heels

B-Nails for plastic heels

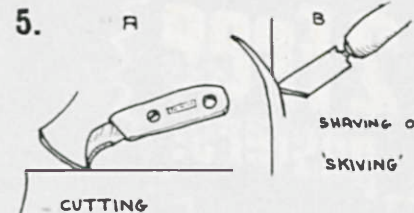
C-Brads

D-Shoe Tacks, or 'lasting tacks'

NB: When nailing down new leather it must not go onto a perfectly smooth surface, it must be well rasped, and be damp if not using glue.

CUTTING LEATHER

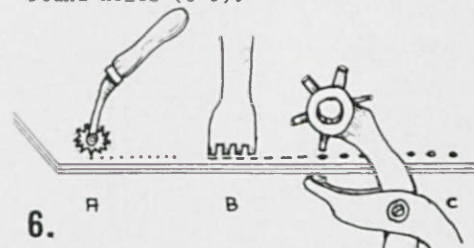
You can buy special Hawkbill knives (5 A) but a curved blade in an ordinary 'Stanley' knife or surgical blade holder is as good. Keep the blades sharp. For shaving or 'skiving', where you want to thin the leather for joins, overlaps or folding over on edges, use a sharp angled blade, paring from the underside of the leather (Fig 5)



SEWING

For joining two edges side by side (Fig 6). First mark out stitch holes with wheel stitch spacer giving it a firm tap at every turn. If the leather is very thick then further pierce the holes with the awl (Fig 8A).

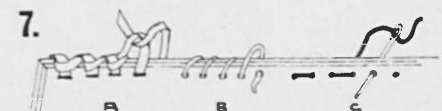
For thonging pierce holes with a pronged thonging tool (6 B) or with a punch pliers which gives you round holes (6 C).



6.

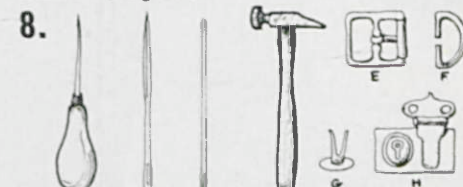
THREAD

Mercerised linen thread (waxed is best) for light stitching. I am told that it should be possible to buy special leather needles to fit your domestic sewing machine. This



will save you hours of work. If not try your local Adult Institute for leather working classes as they will have industrial leather machines.

Thonging is strong and can be used as an integral part of the design. Experiment on scraps for the best effect (Fig 7).



A-Awl, with a sharp point.
B-Glover needle. Triangular tip.
C-Harness needle. Rounded tip.
D-Leatherwork hammer. E-Buckle
F-'D' rings G-Brass Rivets
H-Attache Lock

All the above, press fasteners and more fittings for leather work available on mail order from the stockists below. When ordering be as specific as possible as to size, colour, etc. Preferably try to find a stockist in your area.

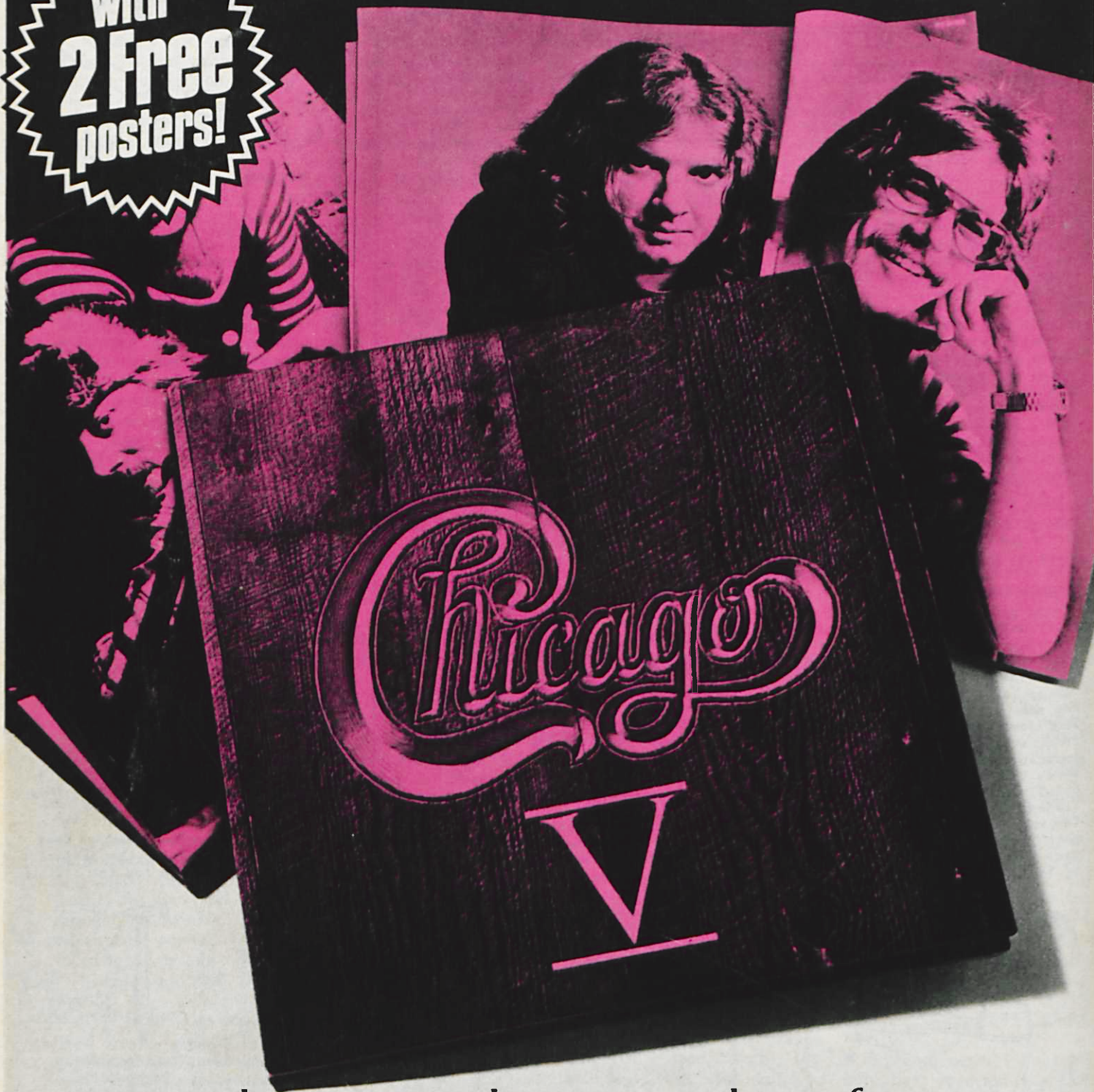
My many thanks to Rose Fittings Ltd, 237 City Road, London EC1V 1LJ (for metal fittings, studs, buckles, etc)

Taylor & Co Ltd, 54 Old Street, London EC1 (Specialist tools and metal accessories. Free catalogue on request.)

Connolly Bros (Curriers) Leather manufacturers, 39 Chalton Street, London NW1.

Special thanks to Judy for all the good tips and advice. The best one being...shop around, never accept 'No, we haven't got it', just keep on asking... Stephanie Gilbert

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11	Women shopping	Schwob, Claire	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Women shopping. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
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12	woman ironing	Schwob, Claire	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for woman ironing. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information

			you have regarding this item.
13	Family ever after	Wandor, Michelene	Usage Terms: © Michelene Wandor
13	woman cooking	Schwob, Claire	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for woman cooking. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
13	woman with her children	Schwob, Claire	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for woman with her children. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
15	Confessions of a dirty young man	Green, Jonathon	Usage Terms: © Jonathon Green. This item can be used for private study, non-commercial research and educational purposes only. You may not use this work for any commercial purpose.
15	display of "men's magazines"	Fleet, Jenny	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for display of "men's magazines". Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
16	And now A Word to Your Feminist Women - from that ol male chauvinist pig, R. Crumb himself		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for And now A Word to Your Feminist Women - from that ol male chauvinist pig, R. Crumb himself. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
18	Teeside tattle	O'Keeffe, Jean	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Teeside tattle. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
18	Ludmila Prussakova		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Ludmila Prussakova. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
18	Victorian attitudes		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Victorian attitudes. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
19	Bike Ways	Wadham, Serena	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Bike Ways. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
19	Cancer tests - too expensive		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Cancer tests - too expensive. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
			Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate

20	Firsts for Women		the copyright holder for Firsts for Women. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
20	Burgher-mistresses		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Burgher-mistresses. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
20	Cash incentive		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Cash incentive. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
20	Man's World		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for this item. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
21	Crotchety?	Boston, Bonny	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Crotchety?. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
21	couple on park bench	Schwob, Claire	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for couple on park bench. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
21	Paternity leave		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Paternity leave. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
21	Pornbroker	Simmonds, Posy	Usage Terms: © Posy Simmonds
22	Survey of Women's Institute		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Survey of Women's Institute. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
22	Status of Women	McGill, Margaret	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Status of Women. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
22	Sylvia Grey		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Sylvia Grey. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
23	Computers need their humans		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Computers need their humans. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
23	Machine Writing	Hudson, Sylvia	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Machine Writing.

			Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
23	Mrs Steve Shirley		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Mrs Steve Shirley. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
23	I am a prisoner in a typing pool	Simmonds, Posy	Usage Terms: © Posy Simmonds
24	Listings	Parker, Rosie	Usage Terms: © Rosie Parker (Rozsika Parker) (deceased)
25	The Ring of Confidence	Maxwell-Hudson, Clare	Usage Terms: © Clare Maxwell-Hudson
26	The three muses	Parker, Rosie	Usage Terms: © Rosie Parker (Rozsika Parker) (deceased)
26	Lucy Milton at her gallery	Patch, Sally	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Lucy Milton at her gallery. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
27	The three muses	Parker, Rosie	Usage Terms: © Rosie Parker (Rozsika Parker) (deceased)
27	Felicity Samuel at her gallery	Patch, Sally	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Felicity Samuel at her gallery. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
28	Chapter Four	Weldon, Fay	Usage Terms: © Fay Weldon
28	Man and woman with missing faces in shape of puzzle pieces	Wright, Friere	Usage Terms: © Freire Wright
29	Chapter Four	Weldon, Fay	Usage Terms: © Fay Weldon
29	Man and woman with missing faces in shape of puzzle pieces	Wright, Friere	Usage Terms: © Freire Wright
30	"And may I say you're gorgeous."	Turner, Martha	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for "And may I say you're gorgeous.". Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
30	woman looking in mirror	Fleet, Jenny	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for woman looking in mirror. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
31	"And may I say you're gorgeous."	Turner, Martha	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for "And may I say you're gorgeous.". Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
32	The three muses	Parker, Rosie	Usage Terms: © Rosie Parker (Rozsika Parker) (deceased)
			Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate

32	Hester van Royen at her gallery		the copyright holder for Hester van Royen at her gallery. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
33	The steel butterfly	Eade, Christine	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for The steel butterfly. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
33	Photograph		Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Photograph. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
34	Women's film festival	London Women's Film Group	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Women's film festival. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
34	"And may I say you're gorgeous."	Turner, Martha	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for "And may I say you're gorgeous.". Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
35	The Harder They Come	Topolski, Teresa	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for The Harder They Come. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
35	Bubble Rock Is Here to Stay	Koerber, Carmel	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Bubble Rock Is Here to Stay . Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
36	The Crazy Comic Conflict	Cannon, Crescy	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for The Crazy Comic Conflict. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
37	The Crazy Comic Conflict	Cannon, Crescy	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for The Crazy Comic Conflict. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
38	Chapter Four	Weldon, Fay	Usage Terms: © Fay Weldon
39	Shoe Repairs and Leather Work	Gilbert, Stephanie	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Shoe Repairs and Leather Work. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this item.
39	Shoe Repairs and Leather Work	Gilbert, Stephanie	Usage Terms: We have been unable to locate the copyright holder for Shoe Repairs and Leather Work. Please contact copyright@bl.uk with any information you have regarding this

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